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Michael Harrington:
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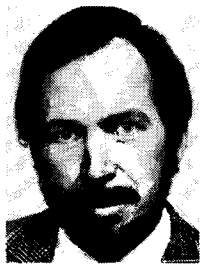
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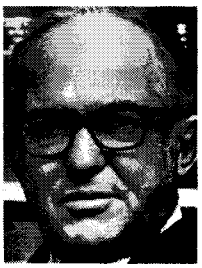
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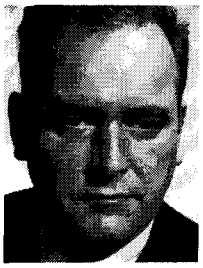
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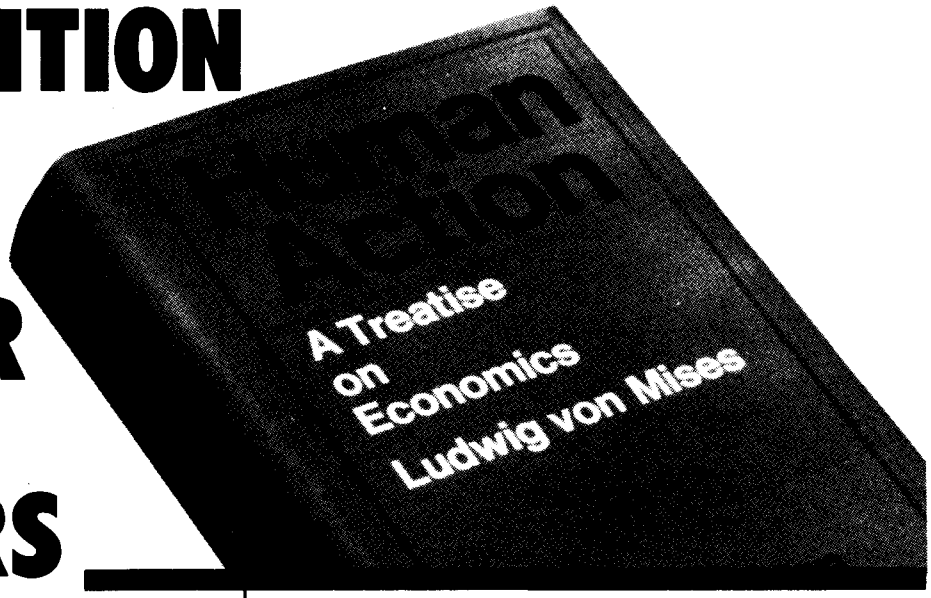

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Letters

The Kremlin's Endgame

For the last six months the headlines have held for me a hypnotic fascination. Everything has gone wrong—not chaotically, but as purposefully as a won endgame in chess. Can the Kremlin really be the Barad-dûr of the Lord of the Rings, I wondered. Why should their bureaucrats be significantly less stupid than ours?

Miles Copeland's article ["CIA: The Case for Intelligence," July 4] explains much—too much, so that the last paragraph rings hollow with desperate optimism. In all humility, I would like to make two suggestions about Mr. Copeland's excessively restrained remarks on "subscription."

1. Sustained anti-Communist spirit has been frustrated by the Asymmetrical Principle of Snivelling Symmetry. To wit, it is ungenerous to mention any "flaw" in the Eastern Desolation without balancing the charge with a confession of some "corresponding" evil in the West. Sometimes this process is telescoped into one step, as in the common idiom of mentioning the CIA & KGB in one breath as if they were twins. The syndrome is asymmetrical, of course, because it is irrelevant and churlish to reverse the process.

2. Mass Persuasion is no longer accomplished even partially through propositions whose true-false value is submitted to the trial of the conscious, but through Pavlovian conditioning aimed at the semi-conscious. The problem is not that Americans fail to think rigorously; most of them do not think at all. We hear "detente" and salivate.

New York, N. Y. ANDREW CLARK

Angel in the House

I am surprised to find M. J. Sobran Jr. accepting the theories of George Gilder (*Sexual Suicide* and *Naked Nomads*) as if they were actually valid [May 9].

Gilder's major theory is that the male has been the breadwinner since the dawn of history. In fact, the male has been the breadwinner only since the dawn of the industrial revolution.

Before that, you had the small family business, with everyone working together. After the appearance of the factory system, however, you had the man going off to work outside the home, leaving his wife and children as useless dependents. In the Victorian Age, the wife was, in effect, unemployed. What was there for her to do? So she was turned into the "angel in the house." It is in this Victorian tradition that we find Mr. Gilder—but not, one hopes, NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York, N.Y. JACKIE FRIEDLANDER

Opium and Crime

I can't vouch for the accuracy of Congressman Benjamin A. Gilman's figures ["Letters," June 20], but I can vouch for his classic demonstration of shallow, simplistic reasoning.

If, as he states, drug-related crimes cost the United States $27 billion last year, how in the devil can he imply (last paragraph) that subverting 40 per cent of the supply of only *one* of the several natural and chemical drugs can stop that *entire* $27-billion worth of crime?

If 40 per cent of the world supply of opium is taken off the market, I can assure the Congressman that drug-related crime will go up—not down. Reason: the price of opium can be expected to increase substantially, whereupon addicts will commit *more* crimes in an effort to obtain the needed extra funds to acquire part of the remaining 60 per cent of the world's supply.

The overall intellectual quality of the present Congress is at a longtime low.

Arlington, Va. OLIVER S. NORTH

Nostra Culpa

The original source for your editorial paragraph "Oh When the Saints Go Marching In Dept." [April 11] was not Monsignor John Dressel, as you state, but the booklet "Renewal and Reconciliation." It was prepared by a Committee on Penitential Practices under the direction of the Most Reverend William W. Baum, STD, Archbishop of Washington. The book was sent to the parishes to assist both the clergy and parish liturgical committees in the preparation of their Lenten liturgies with a special reference to the problem of

(Continues on page 751)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The **freshman Democrats**, who roared into the House of Representatives like lions in January and tossed out **Wilbur Mills** and other senior citizens, are a more subdued group today. In a recent hour-long conference with Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss**, they complained bitterly of the House leadership and told Strauss many of them feared they would be defeated next year. Strauss's far from encouraging comment was, "We think you are in worse trouble than you think you are." . . . Fascinating *Washington Post* series on the House of Representatives shows that 34 per cent of the Democratic freshmen consider themselves to be liberal, 66 per cent moderate, 0 conservative. Among the freshman Republicans, 63 per cent describe themselves as conservative, 37 per cent as moderate, 0 as liberal. On the question, "What nations, if any, do you consider a threat to world peace?" the freshman Democrats answered: The **U.S.** and the **Arab** countries, 27 per cent; **Russia**, **Israel**, and **China**, 20 per cent. Among veteran GOPers, by contrast, it was Russia 69 per cent, China and the Arab countries 43 per cent, Israel 31 per cent, the U.S. 0. . . . Rep. **Jonathan Bingham**, a veteran Democrat from New York, dumfounded by the string of successful presidential vetoes, is sponsoring a constitutional amendment. It would provide that Congress could override a veto by a vote of 60 per cent whenever a President who was not elected is in office. . . . Republican freshmen in the House, delighted by the infighting on the Democratic side, last week presented their leader, **John Rhodes** (Ariz), with a dozen red roses. Commented Rhodes: "I feel like I just won the fifth race at Hialeah."

■ All systems are Go momentarily at least for **Gerald Ford**. Latest **Harris** shows he has widened his lead over **Ronald Reagan** by 15 points since April. New poll finds Ford the preference of 40 per cent of Republicans and independents (up from 31 per cent in April), to 17 per cent for Reagan (he was 23 per cent in April). . . . A **Gallup** shows Ford has lengthened his lead over **Henry Jackson** in hypothetical two-man race. Ford now leads Jackson 46 to 37 per cent as against a close 43 to 41 per cent in March. . . . But Ford continues weak in the South. Poll by *Florida Times* at GOP state convention shows Reagan the big favorite. The figures: Reagan 69 per cent, Ford 35, **Percy** 2, **Baker** 1. Should Ford choose another running mate? 76 per cent of the delegates thought so. . . . Reagan was the main speaker at the first annual reunion of the **Vietnam POWs** in San Antonio in late June. At that dinner, the POWs again thanked **Richard Nixon** for negotiating their release "with pride and dignity" from the Vietnamese camps.

ROTHCO
Holland *London Sunday Telegraph*

"I believe it's known as Scotch on the rocks."

■ It looks like a showdown in **Portugal** where the Confederation of Portuguese Industry, the main business group, has called a mid-July meeting to present the government with an "action program." "If it is not accepted," says **Antonio Vasco de Melo**, the head of the CPI, "we can no longer assume responsibility for what may happen." . . . Estimates are that at least 40,000 Portuguese, most of them middle-class, have fled to **Brazil** since the revolution started a year ago. . . . General **Otelo Carvalho**, head of Copcon, the Portuguese secret police, makes no secret of where he stands in the *República* dispute. The Socialist owners of the newspaper are, he says, "a lot of bourgeois" who are trying "abusively to use something that doesn't belong to them." . . . In Munich, the Bavarian branch of the West German **Social Democratic Party** has offered printing presses to the Portuguese Socialists. . . . Interesting data on those regional elections in **Italy**, which saw the Communists make major gains. Sixty per cent of the newly enfranchised 18-year-olds voted Communist. . . . Within two days of the election, **Fiat** shares plunged 9 per cent, heading a big dropoff in stock prices on the Italian exchange.

■ Everyone's getting into the **Bicentennial** act: Pyrotronics, Inc., the largest U.S. fireworks company, says the U.S. will import $3-million worth of fireworks from **Red China** for the Big Bang next July 4. . . . **Great Britain** is hoping to sell us everything from commemorative Wedgwood plates (portraits of the ten British monarchs who ruled the North American colonies between 1607 and 1776) to Boston Tea Party type tea bags. . . . The first new Bicentennial **half dollar**—it will have Independence Hall, Philadelphia on one side, plus the dates 1776-1976—should be reaching the banks about now. . . . And **Clyde Bellecourt** of the American Indian Movement—there's a spoil-sport in every crowd—says his organization will do its best to "try to blow out the birthday candle."

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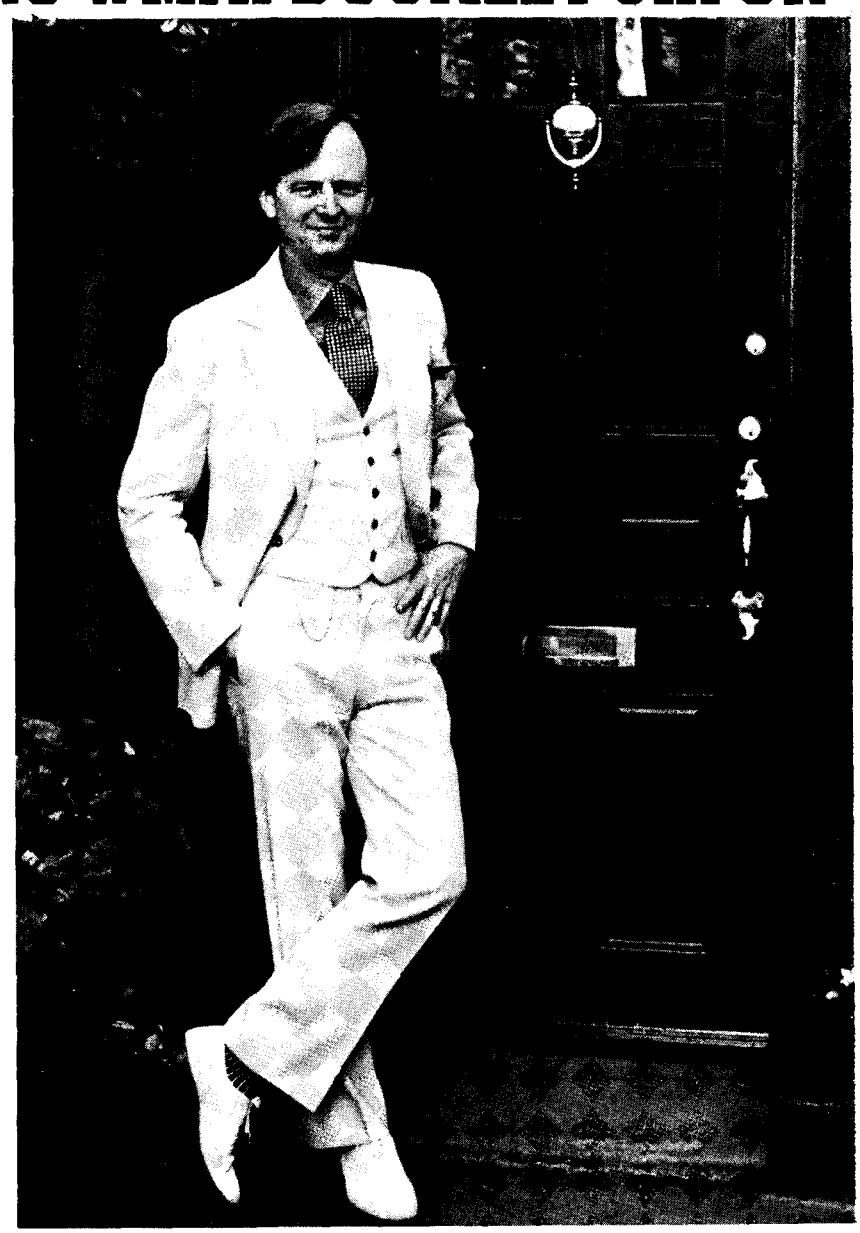

Controversy is the key word when William F. Buckley Jr. and journalist Tom Wolfe get together. Wolfe's latest book **"The Painted Word,"** is a scathing indictment of the American modern-art movement. The book is truly controversial—accordingly if you've ever wondered about modern art, this is a show for you.

THE WEEK OF JULY 19TH ON YOUR LOCAL PBS STATION

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global hunger. As the booklet notes, "People are hungry in our world; they are hungry for love, for justice, for food. Our Lenten effort this year must be directed at the alleviation of that hunger."

The four suggestions you cite are but a fraction of the recommendations made. They, with many others, may well have been found in any number of the bulletins and Lenten publications of the 127 parishes of the Archdiocese.

Rockville, Md. REV. ROBERT O. MCMAIN

Lies and Legends

I have just finished reading the article "Leftist Lies, Liberal Legends" by Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn [April 25]. I think it is the best I have ever read, excellently presented.

Detroit, Mich. JOHN P. HAMILTON

Perhaps the reason why, as Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn writes, "Nobody points out that the European nations with the highest living standards are precisely those that never had colonies: Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland," is that to do so would be untrue.

Switzerland ruled Aargau, Thurgau, and Ticino from the fifteenth century until 1798.

Sweden's colonies include Ingermanland and Kirelia (1617-1721), Livonia (1629-1721), Pomerania and Bremen (1648-1721), Finland (from the twelfth century to 1808), and Norway (1815-1905).

But the all-time imperial power of the lot appears to be Denmark, whose colonies included England (1018-1035), Sweden (until 1523), Schleswig-Holstein (until 1852), Norway (until 1815), Iceland (1380-1918), the Virgin Islands (1672-1917, with time out in 1801 and 1807-1815 for British rule), and Greenland, which became a Danish colony in 982 and remains one to this day.

Fortunately, this parenthetic inaccuracy is irrelevant to the main point of a most lucid article.

New York, N.Y. BRUCE E. GOLDMAN

The Pope and Hungarian Jews

Peter Wells, in his overall excellent article "Christians, Jews, and Pius XII" [April 25], states that, not history, but dislike of a Pope was the point of *The Deputy*. This analysis does not, I think, go far enough. Not dislike of *a* Pope, but dislike of *the* Pope, was the point of this play. And the Pope is disliked because he personifies the Catholic Church.

I also differ with the author's assumptions that Pius XII "knew all along what was happening to the Jews" and that he "did not speak out strongly." He of course knew that they were being rounded up and sent to concentration camps. But there is no evidence that he knew of a plan for the systematic extermination of Jews until late June 1944—and then he acted. In June of 1943, in his address to the Sacred College of Cardinals, he stated that much which could not yet be made known had been done for these unfortunates. He then went on to say that every public statement had to be weighed "in the interest of those suffering so that their situation would not inadvertently be made still more difficult and unbearable." These statements indicate he was aware of the persecution of the Jews, but not of any plans for systematic extermination.

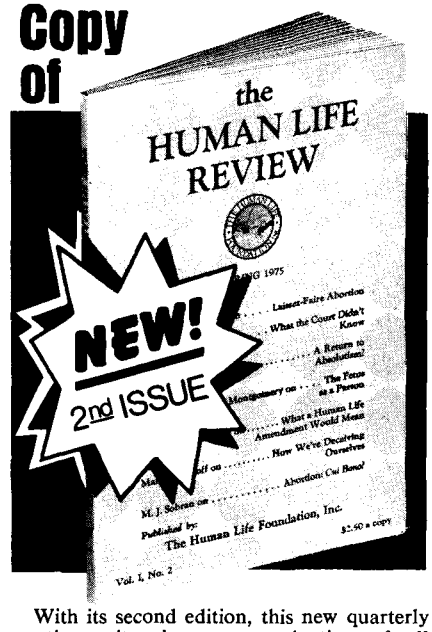
These statements indicate he was aware of the persecution of the Jews, but not of any plans for systematic extermination. It is also proof that he spoke out. Ironically, the *New York Times*, which was to endorse Hochhuth's charges two decades later, gave the June 1943 address by Pius XII its front page banner headline, and editorially commended him for being the only major voice in the West to speak up for the presecuted minorities of occupied Europe.

Mr. Wells also says that the Pope, like Jewish leaders, did nothing about "the millions of Jews Hitler had already killed by 1944" because, like them, he did not wish to make matters worse for surviving Jews. Again, like the Jewish leaders, he did nothing because no one then knew of the "millions of Jews Hitler had already killed." Not even the Jewish communities of occupied Europe knew of such a plan, which is why they did not resist. This is dramatically brought out by Rudolf Vrba, a Slovakian Jew, and one of the few men to have escaped from Auschwitz. In his book, *I Cannot Forgive*, he tells how in the fall of 1943 he learned of Nazi plans to exterminate one million Hungarian Jews. On April 3, 1944 he escaped and on April 25, 1944 he told his story to Doctor Oscar Neumann, spokesman for the Slovakian Jewish community, who immediately relayed the report to Dr. Rudolph Kastner, leader of the Hungarian Jewish community. Kastner confronted Adolf Eichmann with the report. Eichmann, who was responsible for getting the Hungarian Jews into the Auschwitz ovens without undue fuss, made a deal with Kastner. In return for his silence, Kastner, his family, and 1,684 "chosen few" Hungarian Jews were spared.

Oscar Krasnansky, a Slovakian Jewish leader, worried by Kastner's inaction, sent a copy of Vrba's report to the Papal Nuncio in Bratislava. He took it to Geneva, where it was sent to Pope Pius XII, Winston Churchill, and President Roosevelt. Pope Pius immediately had a letter delivered to Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, a practicing Catholic. Its contents are unknown, but whatever it said it was effective, because Horthy then stopped the deportations to Auschwitz. Six hundred thousand Hungarian Jews were saved by this one act of intervention by Pius XII,

(Continues on page 791)

If You Care about the Right to Life You Should Get a Copy of



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. . . and others, as well as important additional material relating to the abortion dispute. Every American concerned about the abortion issues should see this *new* publication! Be sure to order your copy now (order additional copies for others you know who will want to see it—or who *should* see it). Supply strictly limited, so act today. **Use the coupon below.**

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THE WEEK

■ The Senate has voted unanimously to prohibit those killer bees from entering the country. Glad *that's* taken care of.

■ All along the line the signs multiply that forced busing has had it. The city of Detroit may face another round of it this fall because of judicial intransigence, but the black mayor, Coleman A. Young, is opposed, and so is the white editor of the *Free Press*, who asks editorially: "Have we not reached the point in Detroit, in terms of the shrinkage of the white minority, where the remedies applied in earlier cases are simply irrelevant and, in sober truth, no remedies at all?" Elsewhere, too, white flight has produced resegregation, and the buses are grinding to a halt. In the Los Angeles suburb of Inglewood recently, a judge permitted the busing plan to be scrapped because of white flight. In Montgomery, Alabama, the U.S. Court of Appeals refused to review a Federal District judge's decision that Montgomery could run educational facilities that are 90 per cent black. The New York State Board of Regents is reviewing the situation and will probably try to block enforcement of busing orders in Buffalo, Lackawanna, Mount Vernon, Utica, and Newburgh. James Coleman, the sociologist whose 1966 report provided the leading rationale for busing, has now produced a new report indicating that busing is counterproductive. One more simplistic and visionary scheme, backed by the best and the brightest, appears about to disappear into the dustbin of history. How many people have been needlessly embittered, inconvenienced, injured, or even killed because of this one?

■ The FBI witchhunters are at it again. They have just arrested two Armenians in New York, charging them with conspiring to commit espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union. While he was a mathematician at Johns Hopkins, Sahag Dedeyan prepared a classified report on NATO defenses. According to the FBI, Sarkis Paskalian photographed the report with a camera he got from a secretary at the Soviet Mission to the UN. The FBI said he told Dedeyan about it later, and Dedeyan kept quiet, for which Paskalian delivered $1,000 to him as "a token of our appreciation."

■ The new leader of the Nation of Allah ("Black Muslims"), Wallace D. Muhammad, has announced to a large gathering of the faithful in New York's Madison Square Garden that henceforth the Muslims will no longer be exclusively black. "There will be no such category as a White Muslim or a Black Muslim. All will be Muslims, all children of God." At a stroke, the successor to Elijah Muhammad thus removes a glaring heresy of the American Muslims. The Islamic religion is universalistic in both theory and usual practice, not tied to any ethnic or racial group. The American branch is now in line with orthodoxy in that respect. And it has come a long way in other respects as well. With assets exceeding $46 million, the Nation of Allah has investments in real estate, farms, a fish-importing business, and other production enterprises. It provides employment for numerous members of the faith, said to number around 40,000. It's not exactly our bag, but anyway, two cheers for the Muslims.

■ A map of the Pacific shows clearly enough why the Pentagon and the State Department would like the Mariana Islands to be closely tied politically to the U.S. They lie in a long north-to-south chain off the Asian coast and major island-nations of the west Pacific, a natural strategic line of defense for the United States, become even more acutely important with the collapse of the U.S. position in Southeast Asia and the mounting threat to its positions elsewhere to the west of the Marianas. By a 79 per cent majority the inhabitants of the Marianas showed that they would like to be closely tied. So the transformation of the chain into part of the U.S. with the status of a new commonwealth seems to be a marriage made, if not in heaven, at any rate in one of the State Department's enlightened moods.

■ Teddy Kennedy has lost two supporters in his non-bid for the Presidency: the parents of the girl who died in his car on Chappaquiddick Island. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kopechne, who originally affirmed their faith in Kennedy's version, now indicate they have changed their minds. They have studied the incident closely, and Kopechne has even gone to Chappaquiddick to interview the diver, John Farrar, who recovered his daughter's body. Farrar has always insisted that Kennedy lied. Kopechne says he thinks highly of Farrar. Mrs. Kopechne says that if an election were held tomorrow, she would vote for Wallace.

■ All his rivals in the Democratic presidential race fell silent in New Orleans when George Wallace asked them if they were prepared to support *him* if *he* got the nomination. The silence was broken last week by three candidates, in the company of a liberal Democratic group in Connecticut, where the air is a bit easier to breathe. Morris Udall, Fred Harris, and Terry Sanford said they would not support a Wallace bid for the Presidency.

■ One of the wild-card imponderables of 1976 is the role Richard Nixon will play and how he will be perceived at that point in time. Nixon, unmistakably, is stirring. Members of the inner circle have been hinting that he may make a tour of foreign capitals, a characteristic move if it occurs. He has now testified for eleven hours under oath before the Watergate prosecutor and two Watergate grand jurors. He is writing his memoirs and he may well grant TV interviews. In the nation there remains a hard core of Nixon loyalists, usually estimated

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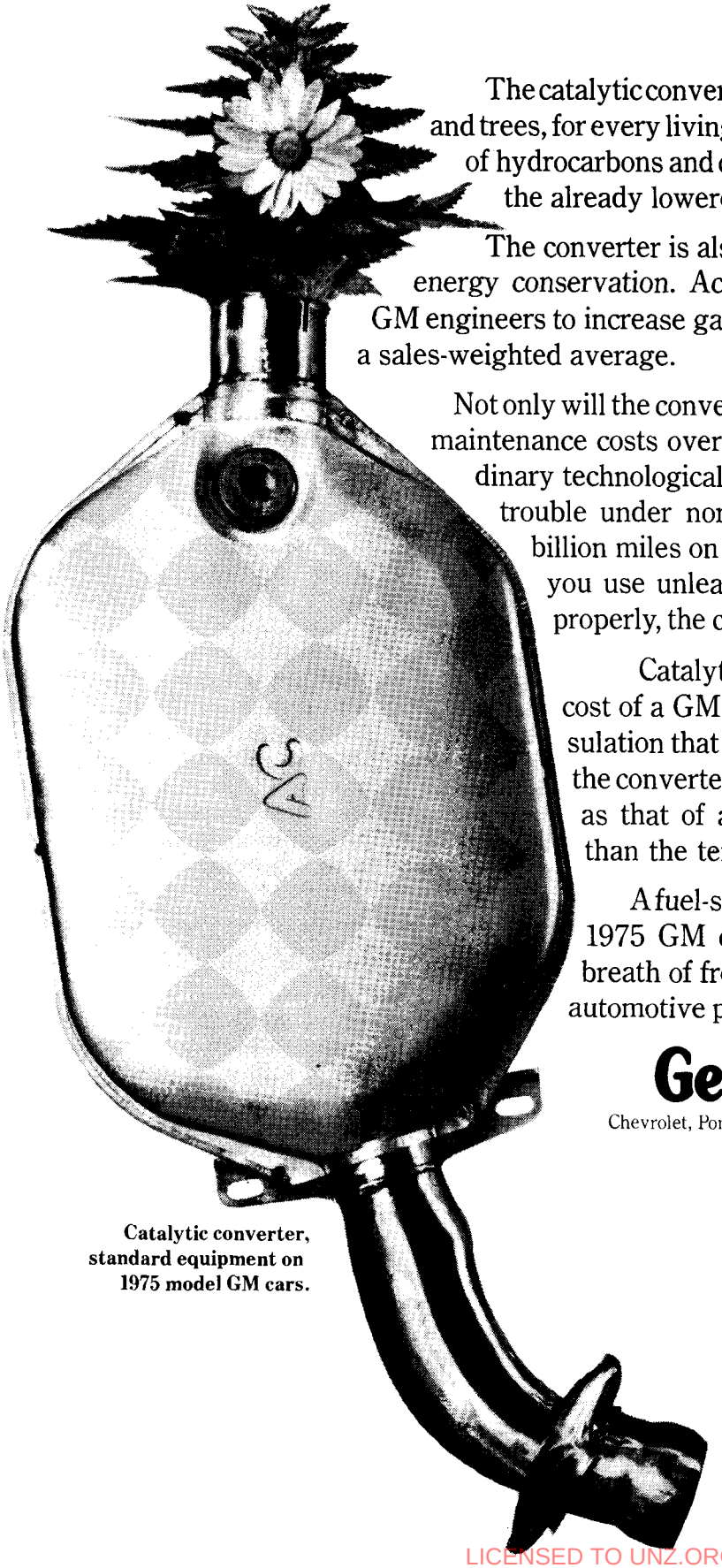
A breath of fresh air in automotive technology.



Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

The catalytic converter is a device for people and flowers and trees, for every living thing. It reduces exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974.

The converter is also a device for pocketbooks and for energy conservation. According to EPA figures, it helped GM engineers to increase gas mileage in city driving by 28% on a sales-weighted average.

Not only will the converter save you money in fuel bills and maintenance costs over the years, it's one of those extraordinary technological advances that won't cause you any trouble under normal operating conditions. After a billion miles on the road, it's proved dependable. If you use unleaded gas and maintain your engine properly, the converter will last the life of your car.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

A fuel-saving catalytic converter comes with 1975 GM cars as standard equipment. It's a breath of fresh air from GM, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Evidence continues to grow that there is no evidence that Edward Kennedy plans to run for President next year. One of his principal aides, Jim King, a political consultant, is leaving the staff, and Dick Drayne, press secretary, is planning to leave. Both have been through many political wars with one or more Kennedys, and would not be leaving if they thought it was probable or even a long-shot possibility that EMK would be a candidate next year.

■ Now there is speculation that there will be, in effect, two primary "seasons" next year. Some men who are not now but might become candidates have noticed that they can wait until the New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Florida primaries have produced a lot of carnage, and still have time to get their names on the ballots in Indiana, Nebraska, Maryland, Michigan, Oregon, New Jersey, Ohio, and California. One problem: getting on the ballot is not enough. Starting late will make it next to impossible to put together financing sufficient (say, $1.5 million in California alone) for an effective race.

■ Election '76 Notes: The Young Republicans have sent a sort of lover's ultimatum to Ronald Reagan. The gist of it is: Become a candidate by August 31 and we are yours, until death or the convention do us part. If you don't, we'll reassess our ardor. . . . Another breakthrough, taxpayers. Representative Morris Udall has become the fourth candidate (after Wallace, Jackson, Bentsen) to qualify for matching federal subsidies for his presidential run. That is, he, too, has raised at least $5,000 in contributions of $250 or less in each of twenty states. . . . In Watergate-related matters (and with Mr. Nixon giving testimony, we are still speaking of them), Senator Howard Baker (R., Tenn.), a Watergate-related matter, says his presidential plans are "dormant." That means asleep. Until, maybe, 1980.

■ Before retiring to Bermuda to live out your days on this year's tax rebate, bear in mind: another—and substantial—Social Security tax increase is coming. The wage base subject to the 5.85 per cent tax is now $14,100. It is scheduled to rise to $16,500 next year. At that point the maximum tax will be up to $965.25 from $824.85. But already people who know the grim long-range revenue and outlay projections for the Social Security system say the base income should be pushed up to $24,000. Another proposal is that the rate be raised to 6.35 per cent.

■ Former Texas Governor Coke Stevenson died the other day at 87. He lost the closest and most controversial major election in Texas history. Running in the Democratic Senate primary in 1948 against a young congressman, he lost by 87 votes out of about a million cast. He lost when his opponent suddenly—and, Stevenson thought, suspiciously—found a lot of votes out in Wells County. That was when a nickname was born—"Landslide Lyndon."

■ Yes, this is what the U.S. needs now: "clothing stamps." Modeled on the food stamp program. To be followed up by shoelace stamps. The idea comes to Washington from . . . you guessed it: New York. Specifically, from the Mayor's Office of Apparel Industry Planning and Development. (Beame aide William A. Tatum says it is "psychologically destructive" for the poor not to be dressed fashionably.) And you wondered why the city is broke, and what will be broke next?

■ The law of averages being what it is—a persistent cuss—it had to happen. A Democrat is going to jail. Jack Chestnut, who managed Hubert Humphrey's comeback race for the Senate in 1970, has been sentenced to four months in prison and fined $5,000 for illegalities involved in handling a campaign contribution from, naturally, the Associated Milk Producers.

■ GOP Briefs: Remember that thirty-minute Republican Party television film? The one that ran a few weeks ago? The one with the message "Republicans are people, too"? The one that cost $124,000? It provoked a trickle of contributions. About $4,600. . . . The Ripon Society, the liberal Republican grouplet, says that if the 1976 GOP Convention were held today, Mr. Ford would defeat Ronald Reagan in the delegate voting 1,429 to 811. The Ripon Society did not note, but could have noted, that if the convention were held today, and in Greenland, the delegates would catch cold.

—Cato

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at 25 per cent, and an indeterminably larger percentage who think that he got a raw deal. The Nixon pardon may turn out to have been a very prescient move by Gerald Ford.

■ The environment may not be able to stand much more government protection. The Environmental Protection Agency used to argue that lead in gasoline was harmful to health, but a D.C. Court of Appeals ruled that "the evidence does not support the EPA's health concern." Undaunted, the EPA then reasoned that lead-free gasoline was still necessary, because leaded gas damages catalytic converters—those $150 gadgets which the EPA had forced upon automakers in order to eliminate more carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons. The EPA now reluctantly acknowledges that the catalytic converters spray sulphuric acid mists, which could easily become a worse health hazard than ordinary smog, and that they emit platinum, which is a new and untested addition to the air and water. So the EPA is spending $6 million to reconsider the consequences of its actions, and catalytic converters may well end up being banned. General Motors, trying to protect its $100-million investment in catalytic converters, is placing ads extolling the private virtues of this new social nuisance. Meanwhile, Los Angeles police are considering keeping new cars out of wildland areas, because catalytic converters get so hot they could start a forest fire. Eric Stork of the EPA is urging automakers to equip new cars with a sensor to warn motorists when their converters get hot enough to be a fire hazard. "One of the most important things that can be done is to give the motorist warning," says Mr. Stork. In this spirit, perhaps future EPA regulations could carry the warning that they may be hazardous to your health and wealth.

■ Trying to serve arrest warrants on three Oglala Sioux Indians on a South Dakota reservation, FBI agents Jack Coler and Ronald Williams were shot to death. The Indians involved fled, and, despite hiding from FBI

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Think about it for a moment, right now. Pick someone you know (who doesn't already get NR) who thinks pretty much as you do about taxes, the state of the economy, big government, his children's education, etc. He may not realize it yet but he'd be vitally interested in what conservatives have to say about these things — (and where do conservatives say it better than in *National Review?*).

Rip out the card facing this page, NOW, and use it to introduce NR to your potential conservative at the special introductory rate of only $6.95 for the next 6 months. He'll be glad you did. So will you. So will we. You don't often get a chance to make so many people happy with one stroke of the pen. So do it now.

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searchers, managed to convey to Russell Means of AIM their own version: Coler and Williams had started the gunfight by "pushing people around" and killing the one Indian who died in the incident. Since January, there have been eight killings and 67 assaults on the reservation; the Indians were heavily armed, and outnumbered the two agents many times over; and the very warrants they were serving involved charges of kidnapping and assault with a deadly weapon; so that Coler and Williams must have been wonderfully foolhardy men. That, or Means and his friends speak with forked tongues.

■ In Washington last week, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn gave his first major speech in the United States (or in the world, for that matter, since he wasn't giving many public speeches in his native land). Although the speech covered, as is Solzhenitsyn's wont, a wide range of topics, it was mainly a trenchant warning to the West about detente, echoing his *Le Monde* article "The Third World War Has Ended" (see *NR*, June 20). The Soviet Union, says Solzhenitsyn, has not changed its policy since the days of Khrushchev's "We will bury you"; it just changed the *name* of the policy, to "detente." It is suicide to give any concessions to such a country, whose foreign policy is purely aggressive; a country in which the actions of the government cannot be controlled by a free press or public opinion. "Soviet leaders say, 'Don't interfere in our internal affairs, let us strangle our own citizens,' " said Solzhenitsyn. "But I say interfere more and more." If the Western nations ratify the proceedings of the European Security Conference this summer, as Brezhnev wishes, they will have ratified "the slavery of their brother countries of the East, all the while believing they are strengthening the prospects for peace."

■ Oriana Fallaci, the famous Italian journalist, has a way of getting her interviewees off guard, of goading them into saying things they often wish had been left unsaid (remember the Henry Kissinger "lone cowboy" interview a year or so back?). Her latest headline-making interview in *Europa* was with Alvaro Cunhal, head of the Portuguese Communist Party. And it should dissipate any doubt about the course Cunhal proposes to chart for the Portuguese. Will Portugal be democratic? "Portugal will not be a country with democratic freedoms and monopolies, it will not be a fellow traveler of your bourgeois democracies because we will not allow it." Will some form of parliamentary government be permitted? "I promise you that there will be no parliament in Portugal. For me, democracy means getting rid of capitalism, the monopolies. In Portugal there is now no possibility of a democracy like the ones you have in Western Europe." Will the Communists work in a common front with the Socialists? "A popular front with the Socialists . . . is of no use to us. We have already signed a pact with the Armed Forces Movement [which now runs the country]. A popular front is not possible here without the military." What if the military were to turn against the Communists? "I doubt there is a political force in Portugal which can survive without the Communist Party." And, in conclusion: "We will certainly not have a social democratic Portugal. Never. Make that quite clear, won't you?"

■ The Kremlin isn't terribly worried—it even reported the speech in *Pravda*—but King Baudouin of Belgium deserves a bravo for telling his Soviet hosts, in their own stronghold, something about the difference between "people's democracy" and democracy. In my country, said the King, we have found that the fairest system—that which gives the most freedom, happiness, and well-being to the citizens—is one of political and economic freedom. This implies tolerance among various groups, each respecting the others' right to exist. The same sort of tolerance, he said, is required among nations, and if one nation threatens it, then the others have the right and duty to organize for protection in NATO, for example—thus implying exactly where the threat comes from.

■ Ohio State Senator Oakley Collins, himself owner of a thoroughbred frog named Secretariat, has introduced a bill in the Ohio legislature legalizing pari-mutuel betting on frog racing under the supervision of the state racing commission. The commission would issue race permits, provide inspectors, approve dates, get a cut of the proceeds, and be authorized to levy a fine of $100 on anyone entering a toad.

■ In Memphis, school bus driver Robert Whitmore won the safe-driver-of-the-year award by virtue of his flawless safety record. Whitmore put the big shiny trophy in his bus. On his way to the bus garage, he braked and the trophy started to tip over; he grabbed for it, his foot slipped off the brake, and his bus plowed into the rear of a car. Whitmore got a ticket for failure to maintain a safe lookout.

■ Common Market mercantilists have quite a problem on their hands: an excessive supply of wine, two and a quarter billion gallons of it, enough, the statistics assure us, to flood Central Park to a depth of nine feet; or, as we figure it, about a four-day supply on Skid Row. Actually, it's not much of a problem. The classic answer is to donate the surplus to the needy. If that does not solve things, why, go ahead and flood Central Park, with our blessing.

Helsinki Sucker Game

A serious contradiction lies at the heart of the policy of detente, and at the forthcoming Helsinki Conference on European Security and Cooperation the West will be asked to agree formally to the perpetuation of that contradiction.

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The document issuing from the Conference will talk about the inviolability of frontiers. That is, it will recognize in solemn treaty form Moscow's domination over Eastern Europe, plus half of Germany; it will be the equivalent of a peace treaty ending World War II with a codicil to take care of the 1948 seizure of Czechoslovakia. But, N.B., it will not constitute a "violation of frontiers" if Soviet troops cross the borders of a "socialist" country to suppress any movement that might challenge Moscow's hegemony. The Conference is thus designed to get Western acceptance of the Soviet empire and agreement to the "Brezhnev doctrine."

It will guarantee the status quo in the East—but it will do no such thing in the West. No provision will be included to guard nations in the Western camp from Soviet sponsored subversion and political warfare. The Helsinki document will be another example of the standard can-win can't-lose Soviet strategy. If Brezhnev can bring this off, he plans to crown his life's work by holding a grand conclave of Communist nations early next year in an effort to reassert Soviet leadership in the global revolutionary struggle. The Helsinki document, from that standpoint, will be a Western vote for Moscow against Peking.

The title of the Helsinki affair, incidentally, is a masterpiece of Orwellian newspeak—that is, every word is a lie: the "Conference" (precious little conferring will take place) on "European" (the security of the U.S. is the principal indirect target, but the U.S. is semantically excluded here) "Security" (from the perspective of the West, "insecurity") and "Cooperation" (no significant cooperation will be forthcoming from the Soviets).

In recent weeks, President Ford and Secretary Kissinger have struck stern notes in their foreign policy pronouncements. If they are serious about this, let them decline to join in any agreement that does not concern itself with Western as well as Communist security and does not call for the same degree of cooperation from the Communists as is expected from the Western nations. Portugal is a conspicuous test case.

Sieg Heil, Indira!

India's generation of democracy had a certain Victorian charm, but it was always pretty much of a charade put on by the thin stratum of intellectuals which the British Raj had taught to speak English and ape parliamentary procedures. Three thousand years of monarchies, despotisms, conquests, invasions, empires, and confusion were too much for a model constitution drawn up by London barristers to overcome. So no one should be surprised, and few people *are* surprised, that democracy disappeared from India like a bubble bursting. Nor is it likely to return. Democracy is a delicate plant; the nutrients it requires are rare enough everywhere, and almost totally absent from the Indian subcontinent.

India's dictatorship is not going to solve India's problems, God knows. Probably all basic social problems are insoluble, but India's are more insoluble than most others. It seems likely that a process of fragmentation will now set in, with the authority of the central government fading as the diverse regions marked off by ethnic roots, language, geography, and outlook assert their varied autonomies. In fact this process had already become apparent in Gujarat, where Indira Gandhi recently lost a bitterly fought election, in Uttar Pradesh, and elsewhere.

A long line of missionaries, travelers, and writers built up a genuine, though sentimental, friendship toward India in this country, and nearly all Americans sympathized with Mahatma Gandhi (no relation to Indira) and India's fight for independence. This friendship and sympathy have been largely dissipated by the vagaries of Indian policy since independence, the gap between its pretensions and its performance, and above all by the insufferable moralism of its pompous spokesmen.

Not many tears, therefore, will be shed among us at these new trials and tribulations that the people of India are now undergoing. It would, though, be shortsighted to find any reason for joy in their sorrows. Democracy is a Western invention—one of the finest—and India's abandonment of democracy is a sign of her further alienation from Western culture and civilization. The "opponents" whom the new dictator is silencing and jailing and, apparently, beginning to shoot after the manner of dictators, include the most conspicuous friends of the West among the Indian elite. Her most ardent supporters are the Moscow-oriented Indian Communists. Internationally, hearty applause at her action has come from, and only from, the media of the Soviet Union and its satellite nations. Harbor rights at Bombay and Calcutta will be a splendid boost for a Soviet navy expanding over the Indian Ocean. A glance at your map will show you the relation between Bombay and the outlet of the Persian Gulf through which moves so large a percentage of the oil that fuels the Western world.

Indira the Terrible

The press is on notice; the radio's bland.
I gather the girl is the law of the land.
She's awfully sorry, but what could she do?
The judges were saying she had to skidoo.
With nasty opponents and violence rife,
The only alternative's ruling for life.

W. H. VON DREELE

Korea: The New Focus

The process of shifting the opinion-focus to the next target of global revolution is well underway. It moves more quickly than might be expected, and it occurs both vis-

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They Go No More A-Lobstering

At 5:00, the old men board the lobster boats;
The pots are full of bait and smelling foul.
Today they're soaking in sou'wester coats
As wives peer eastward at the ocean's howl.
The young are silent as a daytime owl:
They do not dig the old man's métier.
When nighttime comes, the kids are on the prowl
Or heading westward for "a better way."
Down east, the bleak horizon's leaden grey;
The tourist turns to magazines and booze.
The native youths pile in the Chevrolet
As mother hearkens to the weather news.
They go no more a-lobstering in Maine,
But that won't cause the lobster any pain.

W. H. VON DREELE

ibly and invisibly. Though much dirty work is going on in Cambodia, and though an insurgency is heating up in Thailand, suddenly, with the successful conclusion of the Revolution on the Mekong, everyone is talking about Korea.

Item: The current month has been designated by *Izvestia* as the occasion for an officially backed campaign against the presence of U.S. troops in South Korea. *Item*: Premier Kim Il Sung of North Korea has been traveling hither and yon to work up support for that same position among Third World nations. He is also expected to be active at the conference of Third World foreign ministers in Lima, Peru, this August. *Item*: Both *Time* and *Newsweek* recently ran major articles on the pros and cons of the Park regime in the South. *Item*: On June 29, a U.S. Army Major was knocked unconscious in a brawl with North Korean troops in Panmunjon. *Item*: At important hearings of a House Foreign Relations subcommittee, liberal Democrat Donald Fraser, the chairman, declared South Korea to be of "marginal importance" to U.S. security, warned that our troops there could get involved in fighting, and attacked the Park regime.

In all this the sense of *déjà vu* is almost overpowering. Hanoi did not hazard an all-out final assault upon Saigon until U.S. opinion had been sufficiently softened up to make one feasible. We now see the initial phases of just such a campaign as regards Korea. The current phase, played against the ground note of the corruption and terrorism of the anti-Communist side, is intended to bring the "liberal" position inside the U.S. in line with the present Moscow-Pyongyang goal: "U.S. troops out." Other items in due course will be added: "cut military aid," "achieve a political solution," etc.

In the current phase of the psywar maneuvering, the U.S. has shown some refreshing tactical skill. The next big move of the global revolution was to be the engineering of a General Assembly resolution withdrawing UN auspices for the largely U.S. military force in South Korea. To be sure, the U.S. veto in the Security Council could have blocked this, but the debate would have been long and noisy, providing an advantageous sounding-board for the psywar campaign. The U.S. has now probably forestalled all this by itself proposing that the UN command be terminated on January 1, provided China and North Korea agree on an alternative means for keeping the armistice. It was a good ploy. (In any event, U.S. forces will remain under formal bilateral agreement.)

But the game is only beginning, and, as if by magic, world opinion will preoccupy itself with Korea: beams of light focused on a pin-point by an invisible magnifying glass. The World Federation of Trade Unions and international conferences will be heard from, symposia will be held, attractive Koreans will manifest themselves on talk shows and on the campuses to denounce Park. Books will be written and serialized. If you want to win an Academy Award, here is the recipe: find some obscure 1950s novel about the Korean War and turn it into a film exposing the irrationality and bestiality of that conflict. Women's groups will discover the unique equality of women in North Korea. George McGovern will term Kim Il Sung the "George Washington" of his country. A powerful current will begin to flow, sweeping along with it journalists, media types, academics, liberal Democratic politicians, and, quite possibly, South Korea.

Nader v. Consumers

In an article in the *New York Times*, Ralph Nader has exposed a "consumer fraud" which may "trivialize the deeds of the Robert Vescos of this world." The fraud is being perpetrated by "business proponents" and others (President Ford is mentioned as one) who are engaged in "vested-interest advocacy." It aims at "confusing wasteful cartel regulation with life-saving consumer protection regulation." The Naderian distinction is that "cartel regulation is to the profit of producers while consumer regulation benefits consumers."

Those who have studied the subject at a possibly deeper level have found that the behavior of regulatory bureaucracy can best be explained by the incentives they face. Regulators tend to favor established firms because such firms are the most convenient source of information, and because regulators are judged by how well they protect the "health" (profits) of the regulated industry. Regulators tend to err on the side of caution and to stifle innovation, in order to minimize criticism. They tend to "grease the squeaky wheel"—to dispense special favors to those sub-groups of consumers who are most vocal or have the most political influence. Finally, regulators tend to look out for themselves. They cater to politicians to enlarge their agency's budget and get promoted, and they cater to regulated industry in order to ensure a comfortable job within the industry after they have been in government long enough to get a pension.

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These generalizations about typical regulatory behavior are no less applicable to "consumer protection" regulation—such as FDA regulation of the drug industry—than to regulation explicitly designed to promote monopoly—such as the NLRB, ICC, and CAB. Yet Nader prefers to contrast an imperfect market with a hypothetical perfect regulator. He implicitly assumes a benevolent dictator, omniscient and omnipotent, who will offset the "insensitivity of business [and of consumers themselves] to consumer health and safety." The thing needed to achieve such perfect regulation, says Nader, is perfect people with "a zealous commitment to principles of fairness and honesty."

U.S. News & World Report cites federal estimates that regulation of the cartel-enforcing sort adds some $45 to $60 billion per year to the prices consumers pay, environmental regulation adds another $50 to $60 billion, health and safety regulation adds more than $10 billion. That adds up to about $2,000 per family each year. Even in the cartel cases, there are some benefits associated with these huge costs. But we are always entitled to ask 1) who benefits and who pays? 2) do costs exceed benefits? and 3) do the programs achieve their stated aims and do so at the lowest feasible cost? No regulation should be immune to such examination simply because it is appealingly labeled as "consumer protection."

Professor Sam Peltzman found that the FDA's requirement that drugs be proven effective has effectively eliminated the big drug companies' smaller rivals, increased drug prices by at least $200 million a year, and, by delaying the introduction of life-saving new drugs by two to four years, cost more lives than were saved. Another Peltzman study finds that auto safety devices have encouraged drivers to take more risks, and thereby increased highway accidents and endangered pedestrians. An American Enterprise Institute study, "Government-Mandated Price Increases" by Murray Weidenbaum, is full of evidence of ineffective, counterproductive, and foolish regulations of the "consumer protection" type. Nader's response to all such evidence that contradicts the revealed faith is to ignore it.

Fisher, *Punch* Rothco

"Interesting—Ford is quoted today as admitting a CIA presence does exist in our country. Otherwise I was afraid we would have to invent it."

It is pure demagoguery to pretend that the sorts of regulation that Nader favors have not benefited any producers. Many utilities, steel companies, and gas pipeline companies benefit from FPC ceilings on natural gas prices at the expense of households that can't get natural gas. Catalytic converters on cars are a boon to the stainless steel industry, and big manufacturers of auto safety devices are making nice profits from their captive customers. The ban on cyclamates, based on dubious research sponsored by the sugar industry, probably helped push sugar prices to record highs.

Consumer fraud is most apt to be present where it is most difficult to evaluate the performance characteristics of the product or service. "When the product is legislation," suggests Richard Posner, "the cost of determining its quality is often extremely high."

Encouraging the Others

After the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 came the inevitable purges: not, or at least not for the most part, executions this time, but simply the systematic removal of Dubcek supporters from positions of power. Some 80 per cent of Czechoslovakian writers were expelled from the Writers' Union (meaning that their works could not be legally published in their own country), and thousands of professionals were set to doing manual labor (ex-Party Secretary Dubcek became a mechanic in the Forestry Service).

Now, seven years later, the Czech government has begun a major reconciliation effort, Communist-style, and the effort is two-pronged: carrots (money, decent housing, good jobs, publication of their works) for those willing to toe the Party line; sticks for those who do not, *pour encourager les autres.*

Premier Gustav Husak's reply to a letter of Dubcek's smuggled to the West was a warning to the dissidents. Husak invited Dubcek to "pack his bags tomorrow" and leave if he didn't like the way things were being done. "If he stays," Husak went on, "he will have to fully respect Czechoslovak laws, *and that goes for all the others.*"

And if "the others" don't get the hint? *Item:* Philosopher Karel Kosik reports the government is systematically confiscating dissidents' manuscripts. He himself has lost 1,000 manuscript pages, and he has been expelled from the Communist Party. *Item:* The 15-year-old son of novelist Ludvik Vaculik, author of a 1968 manifesto, has been prevented from entering high school for three years; Vaculik's 21-year-old son finally graduated from high school after having been denied a diploma. *Item:* The wife of novelist and playwright Ivan Klima was fired from her job without explanation. Klima, having been expelled

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from the Writers' Union, cannot of course be published or have his plays performed. His wife had been their sole support.

And a bomb exploded eloquently at the home of Jiri Pelikan in Rome. Pelikan, who emigrated after the Prague Spring and who edits the opposition journal *Listy*, helped get Dubcek's April letter published in the West.

Sun Setting

"Court buffoon" is Idi Amin's established persona. He invites himself to Princess Anne's wedding, and then remembers to ask whether, given Britain's financial crisis, there will be enough food for him. He sends President Nixon a telegram wishing him a speedy recovery from Watergate. He fires and exiles his Foreign Minister, accusing her of making love in a toilet at Orly airport. During the present crisis over the British citizen Denis Hills, he at one point turns away from the Queen's emissary (his own old commanding officer when he was Corporal Amin) to shout at his Defense Council: "Alert the Army! Alert the Air Force! Call Libya and tell Libya to begin sending airplanes here!"

But madcap as Amin's behavior is, the Hills affair is serious enough. Amin has just announced Hills's reprieve. But even if the reprieve sticks, Britain has been pretty thoroughly humiliated. There are still seven hundred Britons in Uganda, and it had become clear that Britain had no plan in case Hills was killed. The London *Sunday Times* summed up the situation in characteristically British fashion: *"Can't we send a gunboat?* Apart from being out of practice at this sort of thing, the gunboat lobby cannot get around the fact that Uganda is landlocked."

This affair fits into an emerging pattern of the humiliation of the West at the hands of the Third World. In neighboring Zaire, President Mobutu has chased out our ambassador on the grounds that he was heading a CIA assassination plot. Mozambique did not invite the United States, France, West Germany, or Britain to its Independence Day festivities. In Cambodia, white Europeans, even including Soviet Communist officials, were herded into a central compound in Phnom Penh, kept there for several weeks without adequate food or water, and forced to leave the country by a painful five-day truck journey. Pathet Lao students forcibly occupied U.S. installations and held U.S. military and diplomatic personnel.

Amin has more than native high spirits in mind. Britain has been quietly working to prevent this year's Organization of African Unity conference from meeting in Uganda. Amin very much wants the conference both for its own sake and because the leader of the host country becomes OAU chairman for the following year. Barring a coup like the one that put him in power, Amin is in a comfortable position. As an old boxer, he knows that the champ has to win every time to stay on top, but the challenger can afford to drop a few along the way.

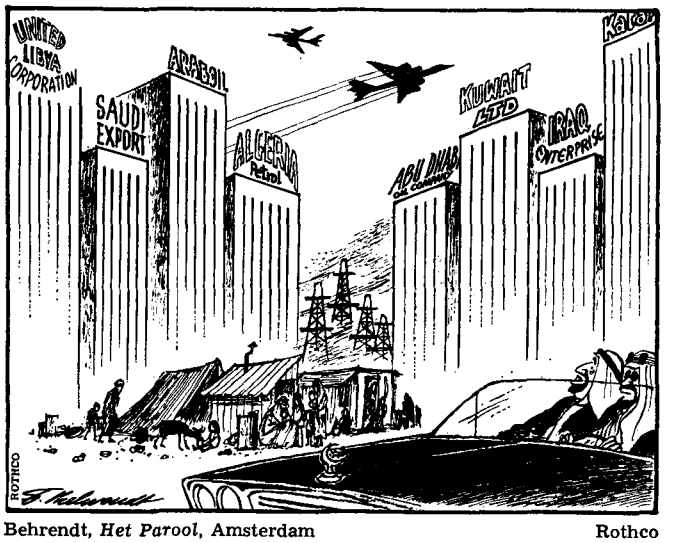
N.H. Senate Seat Caper

The Senate Democrats could avoid a lot of hypocritical haggling in the controversy over the New Hampshire seat by simply admitting that they want it, no matter what the voters may want. By the official count, Republican Louis Wyman received 355 votes more than Democrat John Durkin in the November 1974 New Hampshire U.S. Senate election. A recount showed Durkin with a ten-vote margin, but Wyman challenged a number of the ballots. When New Hampshire's bipartisan Ballot Law Commission had taken a look at the ballots, it unanimously pronounced Wyman the winner by two votes. Durkin appealed to the Senate Rules Committee, but did not charge misdeeds.

The Rules Committee decided the issue was whether to eliminate questionable "skip candidate" ballots from the count. These provided a way for voters to indicate straight party preference. Since New Hampshire had traditionally honored such ballots, whether marked for individual candidates or not, Wyman challenged only one vote of this type that went to Durkin—and he hadn't even intended to do that.

Durkin, however, challenged 12 of these votes originally put in Wyman's column. The Senate committee split four to four on the issue, and Chairman Howard Cannon (D., Nev.) ruled that the skip ballots *should* be eliminated and Durkin declared the winner. Thus it became the responsibility of the entire Senate to decide whether to accept the Rules Committee's recommendation. Senate Republicans made efforts to have the matter sent back to New Hampshire for an entirely new vote. Robert Griffin (R., Mich.), the minority leader, thought it more logical, and not without precedent, to have a new election.

No, said Senator Richard Stone (D., Fla.), Griffin was "straining logic" at that point. In what he apparently considered a more rigorous logical procedure, the dis-



Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Rothco

"Sad, how the world forgets our Palestinian brothers."

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cussion continued. Was the building where the ballots were stored securely locked? Was the lock frozen? Had there been a thaw? More important, how *should* the Senate treat the "skip candidate" ballots?

The Democrats needed sixty votes to end the debate, which dragged on and on. But though there are 61 Democrats in the Senate, all three attempts to end the discussion failed. The Senate adjourned for the Fourth of July recess on that note.

The Constitution says that "each House shall be judge of the election of its members." Such a judgment could be rendered by sending the issue back to the voters. The Democrats, however, are adamant in their determination to render a different one. In fact they have already done so: they don't trust the New Hampshire voters to decide who should represent them; they aren't willing to submit to the unanimous judgment of the official state authority; they want a Democrat to sit in that vacant seat.

Their Terrorism and Ours

In November 1944, Eliahu Hakim and Eliahu Bet-Tsouri, terrorist members of the underground Stern gang, assassinated Lord Moyne, the British Resident Minister in the Middle East. His chauffeur also died in the attack. A few months later the two terrorists were hanged in Cairo, and their deed denounced by Zionist leaders, including Dr. Chaim Weizmann, later Israel's first President. (It was also Stern gang terrorists who subsequently assassinated the Swedish Count Bernadotte, head of the Red Cross mission in the Middle East.)

For years the Israelis have been denouncing, with ample justification, the terrorist activities of Arab guerrillas. On both moral and political grounds they have refused to negotiate with terrorist Palestinian leaders.

On June 25 the Israelis exchanged twenty Arab prisoners of war for the bodies of Eliahu Hakim and Eliahu Bet-Tsouri. When the coffins were handed over at the UN buffer zone near Quantra, Israeli troops draped them in Israeli flags. Brigadier General Mordechai Piron, chief army chaplain, led singing of psalms.

The next day, June 26, the coffins lay for five hours in the Jerusalem Hall of Heroism. Prime Minister Rabin led other cabinet ministers in paying their respects. Schoolchildren throughout Israel stood in tribute in their classrooms while teachers read an officially prepared pamphlet in honor of the terrorists. In the afternoon, the two coffins were interred in the military cemetery on Mount Herzl reserved for heroes and martyrs.

So far as we can tell, these activities received no notice in the American media. They were widely reported in the British press, however, and they provoked a storm of indignation both editorially and in the House of Commons. At the present time, terrorism is a serious threat not only to Israel but to other nations as well. For the Israelis thus to honor these two terrorists was an act of incredible chutzpah, and certainly a political blunder.

Once Again: Coverup

From Cambodia, the stories leak out with the few successful escapees. We read scattered accounts of truckloads of corpses and mass graves; of massive death by starvation, disease, execution; of soldiers of the old regime being clubbed to death with rifles, despite their pleas that they be shot at once.

The news comes despite the efforts of the rulers of the new order to control all that is said in, and about, the country they tyrannize. Under the circumstances the duty of the Western press is to attend to the few witnesses available; to search for confirmation, disproof, qualification of their stories; to set, if necessary, a Seymour Hersh on the trail of the full truth. Instead, those who have been warning us that the distinctive horrors of the twentieth century "could happen again" don't want to know that they are indeed happening again (as if they had ever really ceased). And Anthony Lewis even rebukes us for our "cultural arrogance" for protesting. All the same, it is our duty to remind ourselves of those who are now perishing in what their survivors will forever recall as a holocaust. The question is not whether such things will happen again—they almost surely will—but how long we in the West can continue to ignore them before it is our turn to suffer them.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I received today a majestic two-page letter from our mutual friend Dr. John Bremner, Professor of Journalism at the University of Kansas, in which he included a lovely pastoral which is indicative of the grotesque sarcasm of the law as it is observed and obeyed on those dread steppes. I quote from the letter:

The scene is a Kansas hospital. Enter a rather pregnant person. "Is this where I get an abortion?" "Yes, lady, come right on in." "I'm awfully nervous. Could I have a bourbon and sweet?" "Hell, no, lady, that's against the law." "Well, is it all right if I smoke?" "Good grief, lady, do you want the Kansas legislature in here after our license? Don't you know it's against the law to smoke in a public place, unless, of course, it's grass?" "Well, while we're waiting, can we play a little gin?" "My God, lady, you're amoral. Now come on in here and we'll get rid of that baby."

Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, California

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently received your personal note regarding my lapsed subscription to your magazine.

By the time I finished the first paragraph I had the handkerchief out. After I read it completely I knew I would have to resubscribe so as to keep your whole world from falling apart.

When Hollywood was in its prime they had some pretty good soapers on the payroll. You could have made it big there.

Sincerely,
Robert M. Roll
Clearwater, Florida

■ Dear Priscilla:

I received a letter today from Mary Akerson of the permissions department of Random House. She wrote that my "How Henry J. Littlefinger Licked the Hippies' Scheme to Take Over the Country by Tossing Pot in the Postage Stamp Glue," which appeared in the October 22, 1971, issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, is to appear in Random House's *Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Stories to Be Read with the Door Locked*, an anthology due out, I believe, this fall. She wrote that they received permission to do so from Mr. McFadden of your establishment, and that "We will pay them a permission fee of $50 upon publication which they will then forward to you . . ."

So, omigawd, Henry will now have to be read with doors locked! That's the sort of fellow he is, and I'm proud.

Best wishes,
John Keefauver
Carmel, California

■ Dear Bill:

You mustn't get the idea that you are the only television interviewer with a rare gift for phrase-making. I submit the following exact quote from ABC's Geraldo Rivera in which—while interviewing Lenny Bruce's daughter—he sums up Lenny, the man, the performer, the almost mythic, larger-than-life, troubled and sensitive mirror of our times: "He was a man who really had his pulse on where people's heads were at."

What more is there to say? As ever,

Phil Nicolaides
Dallas, Texas

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You got anything in the way of corrective or preventive therapy for guys who get tempted by the romance of radicalism? I feel it coming on like a plague, just like it did in '69, and I really don't think I'm gonna be able to fight it off this time. I've been sitting here listening to the library's collection of Sir Winston's wartime speeches, looking at my pictures of General MacArthur, fondling my toy elephants, doing everything I can think of to keep myself straight, but there's something in the air this spring that keeps bringing back all them tastes of college nonsense, going off to Fort Dix in October to get a taste of tear gas, just going out and raising hell for the sake of raising hell, no principles, no burning issues, just get four or five hundred people out in the streets and dress up funny and make pig noises and be a perfect ass and *love* it. Yeah, except all the people who were doing that kind of garbage five years ago are practicing law in Paramus now. Tough break, huh?

But it was so lovely, particularly in early 1970, the fever pitch was there, you didn't have to make sense to feel vindicated, you could handle any confrontation with the right catch words, maybe it was all this *ecology* nonsense that fouled it up. It used to be that you'd . . . well, take Woodstock. Everybody left all their empties right there in the mud, right? Hey, let Yasgur clean it up, it's *his* farm. Even if you *could* by some miracle pull off another Woodstock in '75, these kids would spend the next week "policing the area." Yeah, I saw *that* business when it began, we should've nipped it in the bud then. In October 1969, the Moratorium, behind the Public Library, 40,000 people jammed into Bryant Park to see, ohh . . . . Gene McCarthy, Javits, Lindsay was there, Senator Goodell, all this fun and commotion, Hare Krishna guys, Weathermen with VC battle flags, right, then when it was over these characters from Columbia were going around picking up *candy wrappers*!! Hey, if we'd been *really* bright, we would've seen it developing. Within a year you couldn't talk Revolution to those candy-wrapper people, all they wanted to do was save Lake Erie and mumble about ZPG. I figured it was time to up the ante, cure their Realism with stronger medicine, make the fantasies *more* and *more* bizarre, so I started writing this thing about how the CIA had murdered Luther Burbank in 1926 because he was on the track of Petrochemical Hybrids, growing oil in plant form, the oil billionaires from Dallas had put out a contract on him, then some guy told me there *wasn't* any CIA back then, but it didn't matter, by then I was being asked to leave the university anyhow and before long I was off at the factory making radio dials and thinking about becoming a Republican for the summer.

Oh, now I don't remember what I was writing about when I began the letter. A fatal digression. If you get to the point of typing really fast, you get hypnotized by the sound of the keys, you just let yourself go and all the stuff you normally would've concealed or edited comes flowing down your arms and out your fingers into the text of what you're writing. Maybe that's why I couldn't finish college. I'd get halfway into a paper on some frog's digestive system and end up talking about Theodore's sinus problems. No bother. I've decided to be a rock star next. That should keep me busy until autumn. I hope you have a nice summer.

Stanley Matis
Jefferson, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Matis: Thanks. We both need a rest. Cordially,
—WFB

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Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Surprised

When Congress struck its tent and quietly stole out of town for the Independence Day recess (its fourth recess of the year) the front pages of the newspapers were filled with heavy, dark headlines about abuses of government power—another government's (India's) abuses, for a change. The CIA story was not catching the public's imagination. And most disorienting of all, Congress had just been the target of a demonstration which demonstrated something other than what the organizers wanted to demonstrate.

It was a "poor people's march." You remember those. They used to come with interesting props—mule-drawn wagons and things. But this we-want-jobs (public, of course) march lacked flair. It also lacked marchers. It was organized by some East Coast "community action" organizers, people left on the beach when the Great Society tide ran out at the end of the 1960s. Six years ago, when marches and moratoria and resurrection cities were in vogue, such a march would have drawn 100,000 participants, and mobile units for live broadcasting coverage from the three networks—especially if unemployment had been at 9.2 per cent six years ago. The organizers of this march claimed 20,000 participants. In fact, about 3,000 gathered at the Capitol to hear Mr. Ford's heartlessness decried by (among others) a faint echo of the cruel spring of 1968—the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Obviously economic difficulties are not radicalizing the nation. Perhaps this is because the nation believes, not without reason, that these difficulties are going to moderate, slowly, in the short run (by which I mean between now and the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November next year). Whatever the reason, Americans today are more afraid of government attacks on economic difficulties than they are of the difficulties. This is the simple, correct explanation of the fact that this Congress, the most liberal in history, has the worst record on veto-override attempts in twenty years.

The Democratic Study Group is an unofficial liberal organization of about two hundred Democrats in the House of Representatives. The DSG has depressed itself by discovering that 120 of the 289 House Democrats sided with Mr. Ford on at least one of Congress' first three unsuccessful veto-override attempts this year. These attempts involved bills increasing payments to farmers, imposing strict federal regulations on strip mining, and creating 900,000 public jobs. The DSG's study of the override problems was completed before the Democrats' fourth failure—the failure to override Mr. Ford's veto of a bill containing various subsidies for the housing industry. What really hurt the DSG was learning that 66 of the 120 defecting Democrats are members of the DSG.

On the attempt to override the strip mining veto, 57 Democrats—about 20 per cent—sided with Mr. Ford. On the farm bill override, 71 Democrats—about 25 per cent—sided with Mr. Ford The most dramatic statistic concerns the sudden change this year, a change that goes against all expectations in the face of an unelected President and in the wake of the 1974 Democratic landslide. On 21 of the last 28 veto-override attempts prior to 1975, there were more Republican defections than Democratic defections from the respective party positions. This year there have been more Democratic defections, up from 8 to 18 per cent.

It is amazing to note that those Democrats who are, pound-for-pound, more obnoxious than the others—the 75 freshmen—racked up 26 defections (34 per cent) on the first three override votes. And liberal Democrats cannot blame their Party's failures on the traditional scapegoats, the Southern Democrats. True, nearly half the Southern and Border State Democrats have voted against at least one override attempt. But so have nearly half of the fire-breathing Northeastern Democrats. Oddly, the most loyal Democrats are from the Midwest and West. Only 20 and 17 per cent, respectively, have defected even once.

The Democratic Party's disarray reflects the fact that the nation is much more troubled by inflation, Mr. Ford's issue, than by unemployment, Congress' issue. But although Mr. Ford is flying high, the ground could come up fast.

Six months from now the heavy, black headlines may be about the many consequences of this and similar facts: the City of Baltimore is said to be facing a 100 per cent shortage of natural gas for industrial purposes unless Maryland, like the rest of the nation, enjoys a third straight unusually mild winter. And any shortage felt in Baltimore will be felt elsewhere, too.

America's highly complex, vulnerable society is subject to a lot of dislocations, many of them energy-related These dislocations, whatever their causes or manifestations, feed the growing feeling that "things don't work any more." This feeling may be the most potent especially to Mr. Ford. Americans are in threat to any incumbent politician, and a no-nonsense mood about government. Congresspersons of both parties have detected this, and that is why some of them—enough of them, from Mr. Ford's point of view—confine their nonsense to passing bills, and are measurably more sensible when dealing with vetoes of those bills.

But Mr. Ford came into office on a wave of disparaging jokes about his competence, and although the nation has been pleasantly surprised, it still feels *surprised*, and thus it will not take much rough sledding to convince the nation that its original fears about Mr. Ford were justified.

Mr. Ford's intense concern about tensions in the Mideast, including his statement that a new oil price rise would be "unacceptable," indicates that he knows that he is threatened more by impersonal forces, like energy shortages, than by the forces loose in the Washington political contest along Pennsylvania Avenue. □

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Standard Operating Procedure

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

I have translated what follows from a leading article by Georges Albertini in the French magazine, Est & Ouest:

THE RECENT VICTORIES in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos are Communism's victories. Whether we like it or not, this is the fact of the matter. The Left intellectuals, as if embarrassed by this fact, try to explain these victories in terms of colonialism, nationalism, corruption, and what not. No doubt such factors played a part in bringing about the result. But the fundamental fact is that Communism, in particular Soviet Communism, wanted to win the Indochina peninsula over to its ideology and its regime, and in this it was successful. Tracing all the causes of the victories is one thing. Facing up to the reality, without extenuation or camouflage, is another. This is obviously not what the readers of *Le Monde* [*sc. N.Y. Times*] will learn from its allegedly objective articles. Nor will it be recognized by a certain clique in our Quai d'Orsay [*sc.* State Dept.], supposedly expert on Asian affairs but remarkably ignorant about the real nature of Communism.

These victories won by the Communists in Indochina prove, once more, that nothing essential has changed in Communism. What has just happened was willed, planned, and proclaimed for fifty years by the Indochinese Communists. The conquest of Indochina from Hanoi to Saigon was constantly declared to be the goal of Indochinese Communism by its founder, Ho Chi Minh, who always linked his own fate to that of the Soviet Union. In naming Saigon "Ho Chi Minh City," his disciples and successors only render due homage to the perseverance he showed in pursuit of his plan.

But what has happened was not solely the accomplishment of what was thought, planned, willed, and executed by Soviet, Chinese, and Indochinese Communism. The manner in which it all has taken place is a demonstration of the permanence of the goals and methods of Communism over and above verbal variations and semantic devices, not to speak of colossal lies.

The conquest was achieved by force of arms. Thus it proves once more a basic rule that distinguishes Communism from other regimes: the Communists have always triumphed at the point of bayonets. This holds true for the countries of Eastern Europe, for Cuba, for North Korea. There is not a single exception. They take power by armed force and keep it by armed force, in 1917 as in 1945 and 1975. And they take power either through the direct intervention of Soviet troops or with the help of weapons and support of all kinds furnished to the Communist insurgents of whatever country it may be.

Falling of the Curtain

Moreover, when a new country is conquered, they inflict on the conquered population the same punishments they have always inflicted. Everyone knows what went on when they carried through their occupation of East Germany and, especially, Berlin in 1945 —the abominations that accompanied it, and that did not exist in the zones controlled by the American, English, and French armies. It is not a matter of denying the massacres and crimes committed by Hitler's army in the Soviet Union during the war; these are known in detail. But what is striking to realize is the fact that the methods of mass deportation used by Stalin in 1945 did not differ in any respect from those that the Khmer Rouge used in Phnom Penh. The forced evacuation, in a matter of minutes and under the most inhuman conditions, of several million Cambodians, among them the sick, children, old people, and women—the entire population of the capital—recalls precisely the worst excesses of Stalin's regime. And this is happening in 1975, after everyone in all political camps has been telling us for years that Communism has changed, that it has become humanized, etc., etc.

There are other proofs.

First, this simple fact: as soon as Communism comes to power, freedom vanishes—in 1975 as in 1917, as in 1948 in Prague or in 1949 in China, as in Cuba ten years later. Personal freedom, it goes without saying. But freedom of information also, as we are now seeing in spectacular display. As soon as the Communists seized power in the south of the Indochina peninsula, censorship was clamped down, and from time to time the regime cuts off all communication with the outer world. What a business there would have been if a rightist dictatorial regime had behaved in this way! When are we going to have a statement by the League for the Rights of Man on the criminal circumstances of the forced evacuation of several million inhabitants of Phnom Penh?

A further proof is given by noting how, once more, Communism violates its word and betrays its commitments. This magazine, like a number of others, published some years ago the endless list of all the violations of treaties and pledges by the Communists, in particular by the Soviet Communists. We may now add to the list their conduct in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, under the sign of detente. An accord was signed—a mediocre one, perhaps, but it had the merit of existing, and it might have brought peace. The United States respected this accord in spite of the difficulties it had in doing so. It is easy to guess how angered the Secretary of State must have been as he found that Moscow (and Peking) were paying no attention to the terms of the accord, were continuing to arm North Vietnam as they had done all along, and then allowed that accord of 1973 to be torn up and ground underfoot in 1975.

Detente Lesson

In this also Communism proved that it has not changed. And in this also we may detect the true meaning that the word "detente" has for Communism. For Communism, detente means that the West stops struggling and stops defending its positions. But detente does not in the least mean that Communism, in return, stops undermining the Western positions: these it continues attacking, by infiltration, demoralization, intimidation, and disruption, and finishes things off by armed force when the time is ripe. This is the lesson, perhaps, on which the leaders of the major Western nations might profitably meditate. □

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WILLIAM S. BANOWSKY

Finally, Some Good News

WATERGATE, an impeachment-triggered presidential resignation, three Vice Presidents within 14 months, the energy shortage, inflation with all its evils, a world food crisis of grim proportions—1974 was hardly an upbeat year. One measure of the national mood is the fact that less than 45 per cent of the electorate bothered to vote in the November election—the lowest percentage in a quarter century. As one Country and Western song puts it, "I'd have to get to feelin' better before I could cry."

In the midst of this gloom an optimistic note sounds from an unexpected place: the college campus. Increasingly, for the past four years, educators across the nation have observed important changes in student attitudes. At first, as the campus combat began to subside, the growing optimism was most cautiously noted. In 1971, Kingman Brewster described the climate at Yale as one of "eerie tranquillity." But slowly we have become more certain. With the arrival of each new freshman class has come more convincing evidence of a transformation on the nation's three thousand campuses. It is now clear that the tranquillity signals, not merely the absence of ugly conflict, but a promising new thrust by college students.

According to the conventional wisdom, students of the Seventies have reacted to the turmoil of the Sixties by returning to the quiescent and non-intellectual Fifties. But this analysis is superficial and does injustice to a distinctive new breed. For one thing, this apathy theory wrongly assumes that today's students are acutely aware of the past campus revolt and are, therefore, directly reacting to its excesses. But this fall's freshman class was only five years old when the original disturbances began at Berkeley.

If Toffler's *Future Shock* means anything, an 18-year-old facing increasingly rapid change regards the Berkeley Free Speech Movement as an interesting historical incident. Even Kent State is history. Students paid scant attention to the recent trial of the eight Ohio National Guardsmen indicted as a result of the tragic 1970 shootings. "For them," explained a Kent professor, "it's a Gettysburg thing."

The picture now emerging of today's college students is a new picture, and it is heartening. In the first place, they are more academically intense than students of either the Fifties or the Sixties. As a Yale senior put it: "In my freshman year I studied much more than my roommates and I was a social outcast for it. Now when I go into the Trumbull Library I can't get a seat." At the University of Southern California library, the reserve book desk reports 220,000 transactions this year compared to 108,000 in 1972.

Higher grades reflect the new seriousness. The average grade at the University of Pittsburgh five years ago was C; now it is B. At Stanford, the undergraduate grade point average is 3.5, or B+. At American University 75 per cent of all grades last spring were As and Bs. This trend no doubt reveals some academic inflation, but it also suggests rigorous and disciplined study.

INCREASED pressure in the job market creates much of this earnestness. Jobs are scarce; campuses are no longer besieged by corporations vying for the skills of graduates. As a result, students have become selective buyers in the educational marketplace. They point a penetrating question at the curriculum: Will I be able to get a job after four years of expense and hard work? Courses of study with low employment opportunities are declining. There may well be a limit to the number of philosophers a society can subsidize, and perhaps we have reached the limit. Accordingly, enrollment in philosophy is down. So is sociology. At Princeton, sociology majors declined from 155 in 1970 to a bare 36 this year. By contrast, business and economics, disciplines which suffered decline in the Sixties, are now booming.

The fiercest struggle of all is over the few new places in medical schools and in the prestigious schools of law. The number of students taking the law school admissions test soared from 50,000 in 1968 to 136,000 in 1974. During this same period, medical school applications doubled, jumping from 19,000 to over forty thousand.

Mr. Banowsky is president of Pepperdine College.

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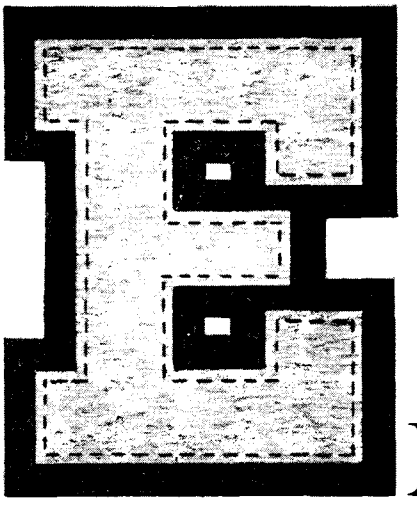
Is, then, today's student merely a success-oriented, grade-grubbing drone? Whatever happened to those glorious social concerns of the 1960s? The answer is that they are still very much with us, even to the point of becoming institutionalized. Today's student has inherited the social legacy of the 1960s. He or she shares the same deep interest in serving others, in contributing at the human level. Community projects, volunteer bureaus, legal services, health clinics, child care centers dot the contemporary university landscape. Students feel strongly about the injustices of race. prejudice; and on the subject of sex discrimination they are even more vocal than their predecessors.

What is different today is their willingness, or better still their eagerness, to work *within the system* for solutions to social problems. For many students of the Sixties the system was hopelessly corrupt. The intellectual balance of that decade was staggered by a loss of perspective, a contempt for history. The existential moment was all that mattered. Everything had to be done "now!"

Today's young people are calmer and wiser; and cooler-headed. Much less reactionary, they are willing to profit from the lessons of the past, including the lessons of the 1960s. They have recovered many of those human qualities which tend always to accompany a sense of history: humility, tolerance, gratitude, faith in the future, and the capacity to laugh, especially at oneself.

In short, we have had a renaissance of civility on campus. If this be apathy, then I will have to opt for it. □

JOHN A. MILES JR.



Educational Malpractice

Variations on a theme by Russell Kirk

RUSSELL KIRK'S "Ruminations of an Intellectual Proletarian" [*NR*, January 31, 1975] so nearly says it all that I hesitate to add a syllable. "Read Boethius, ye well-schooled workers of the world," he concludes. Unemployed "young scholars of a conservative bent" are to console themselves with philosophy, while employed older scholars of the same bent shake their heads compassionately.

The compassion is welcome. I cannot recall ever seeing my own plight as an intellectual proletarian (initiation this coming June) treated more fairly. And Kirk is right: many young scholars, despite the faintly ridiculous quality of their enforced idleness, are deaf to the blandishments of the New Left. Better to suffer in silence than to lay oneself open to Thoreau's terrible taunt:

> I believe that what so saddens the reformer is not his sympathy with his fellows in distress, but, though he be the holiest son of God, is his private ail. Let this be righted . . . and he will forsake his generous companions without apology.

And yet there is one reservation about the American academic system which even a conservative—or perhaps especially a conservative—may voice with a clear conscience. He may point out, in brief, that American academic tenure is a variety of the closed shop.

In most American universities, every professor now either has tenure or is on a six-year probation leading *either to tenure or to dismissal.* This wholly remarkable "up or out" rule, though commonly honored as part of perennial practice, is both uniquely American and of quite recent vintage. Tenure of some sort has, of course, a long history, but the binary tenure-dismissal system was forced on American university administrations as recently as the Fifties, when enrollments were booming and professors of even meager attainment were in short supply. Threatening "out," the faculties of those days bargained "up" into the financial

(Continues on page 771)

Mr. Miles has just left the University of Montana, and is now working on two books: one on archaeologist William Foxwell Albright, one on Arthur Koestler.

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One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

How there came to be only one telephone company in town.

"Number please."

"In many cities of the United States, and in rural communities as well, there are dual and competing telephone systems, doing both local and long-distance business... Patrons of these telephone systems are put to endless annoyance and increased expense. In order to reach all the people using telephones, the telephone patron finds he must install two telephones in his house and office... Double systems of cables, wires and conduits burden the streets and highways."

—Report of the House of Representatives Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, 67th Congress (1921)

When Alexander Graham Bell's telephone patents expired in 1893 and 1894, new telephone companies sprang up almost overnight. The accepted way of organizing communications was to have the "dual and competing telephone systems" cited in the Congressional report.

"Call us. We're on the Bell," was a frequent invitation in those days, to friends or customers. Central, the voice of "Number, please?", spent a lot of time explaining to customers that the number wanted was on the town's other telephone system. And each month there were two telephone bills to pay.

A solution to the problem had been worked out long before by John Stuart Mill. In 1847 Mill had studied the situation of two other new industries that supplied water and gas through pipes to the homes and businesses of London:

"It is obvious, for example, how great an economy of labour would be obtained if London were supplied by a single gas or water company instead of the existing plurality. While there are even as many as two, this implies double establishments of all sorts, when only one, with a small increase, could probably perform the whole operation equally well; double sets of machinery and works, when the whole of the gas and water required could generally be produced by one set only; even double sets of pipes, if the companies did not prevent this needless expense by agreeing upon a division of the territory. Were there only one establishment, it could make lower charges, consistently with obtaining the rate of profit now realized."

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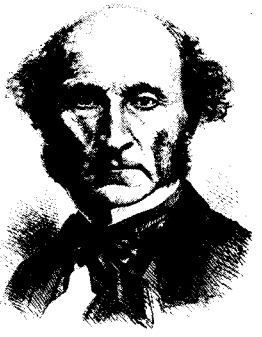
Such a consolidation, Mill saw, was clearly in the public interest. The concept of a "public utility" was reinforced.



John Stuart Mill

When Edison's electric light superseded illuminating gas, the parallel was obvious. It was not quite so obvious for the telephone.

It was not hard to see that the public benefited from having water piped into homes. But while some viewed the telephone companies as providing a similar vital service, others regarded them as being more akin to manufacturers selling ingenious machines in the luxury class. When only a few people had telephones, one observer called them "electric toys." Should Bell's invention be compared with Edison's new electric light, or was it more like his phonograph? As the proportion of homes and businesses with telephones grew, the usefulness of the telephone increased greatly.

Then there was the matter of geographic area served. An exclusive franchise for a specified area is a natural corollary of Mill's concept of a public utility. And exclusiveness was a troublesome subject.

When two or more rivals supply a similar service, competition keeps each up to the mark, or else some eventually lose customers and go out of business. If in the public interest, government removes that rivalry by granting exclusive franchises, then government must provide the mechanisms for preventing arbitrary or excessive charges or unreasonable or discriminatory regulations.

The doctrine of public regulation of privately owned resources has its roots in Roman law and the tenet of *justum pretium* —"just price." English common law provided a rationale for regulation. In an essay on rates for wharf services, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, established in 1670 the criterion that private industries "affected with a public interest" may be regulated by the public:

> "If the King or subject have a public wharf unto which all persons that come to that port must come and unload their goods...because they are the only wharfs licensed by the King...or because there is no other wharf in that port...there cannot be taken arbitrary and excessive duties...but the duties must be reasonable and moderate....For now the wharf and crane and other conveniences are affected with a public interest."

Various municipal boards did undertake to control the quality of service provided by water, gas and electric companies, usually through periodic reviews of franchises granted. It was no easy task. For quality of service leads quickly to questions of cost: good service for the price charged;

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equal prices for all customers for services of a similar nature, so that no one is discriminated against; adequate service capacity so that anyone able to pay for the service can have it.

Local officials had their hands full regulating the three industries already mentioned (water, gas, electricity). They were not eager to take on the responsibility of regulating the telephone business. And so redundant companies continued to exist in many towns. Confusion multiplied geometrically as the companies strung long distance lines to connect various cities.

Theodore N. Vail

Soon after he was elected A.T.&T. President in 1907, Vail enunciated the goal: "One policy, one system, universal service." He saw that the future of the business depended on having one unified telephone service for the entire nation—a service that every family and business could enjoy. That meant ending duplicate telephone companies, replacing them with exclusive telephone franchises. In other words, Vail understood that it was not enough for the nation to have telephone companies. What was needed—and what he sought to create—was a *telephone system.* Vail saw, too, that the very "exclusivity" of the franchises invited—indeed, demanded—regulation by officials elected or supported by the public to protect the public interest.

Vail thus agreed with the efforts of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes of New York and Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who were working to persuade state legislatures to try a new approach to regulation through state utility commissions—responsive to the public at the state level—as best serving the public interest.

The state commissions, supported by public desire for efficient regulation, worked. Most public utilities came to be regulated on a statewide basis, and a framework of efficient regulation was set.

Vail recognized, however, that national regulation also was a necessary complement to state regulation, particularly since one company—A.T.&T.—was chiefly responsible for interconnecting the individual telephone companies into a telephone system.

As noted earlier, regulation of telephone companies already had begun to develop at the state level. But on the national level—for telephone lines and services crossing state boundaries—there was no federal counterpart to the state regulatory commissions, although telegraph companies had been regulated to some extent by the Postmaster General and the Interstate Commerce Commission under statutes dating back to the 19th century.

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Alexander Graham Bell

The first effort at comprehensive federal regulation came in the Mann-Elkins Act of 1910, amending the Interstate Commerce Act. Telephone, telegraph and cable companies were declared to be common carriers subject to ICC regulation.

Federal regulation took a new turn in 1934 with the passage by Congress of the Communications Act, which established the Federal Communications Commission. The intent of Congress—as it had been the intent of both Bell and Vail—is outlined in Section I of the Communications Act:

"For the purpose of regulating interstate and foreign communications by wire and radio so as to make available, so far as possible, to all the people of the United States a rapid, efficient, nationwide and worldwide wire and radio communication service with adequate facilities at reasonable charges...."

Almost alone among the nations of the world, then, this country entrusted the development and operation of its communications resources to private enterprise. It endowed companies with the rights and responsibilities of common carriers, each solely privileged to purvey its services within its territory but all in turn strictly accountable through state and national regulation to the public they serve.

Has it worked?

In 1968, President Johnson's Task Force on Communications Policy concluded, "It can be truly said that the United States has the finest telephone system in the world."

That kind of service didn't just happen. It was planned that way, right from the start.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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security they still enjoy. Those few among them who will now concede, off the record, that "up or out" has had its drawbacks blame the adoption of the rule on McCarthyism and argue for its retention as a hedge against a recrudescence of red-baiting. It was not, however, in most cases, fear of red-baiting that led to the novel policy but rather the desire of faculties to turn a temporary crisis to permanent economic advantage.

"Up or out" is now serving its original beneficiaries in a new way. As enrollment drops and educational revenues shrink, salary increases, for those now "up" cannot keep ahead of inflation if new faculty are too well paid. The imminent solution is a two-class system in which at the upper end (though without any declaration of tenure quotas) tenured faculty vote themselves promotions, raises, and miscellaneous fringe benefits, while at the lower end, intellectual proletarians are cycled in and out for periods never exceeding the fated six years. Any challenge to this system is incipient McCarthyism and an attack on academic freedom. Faculty unions everywhere are tooling up for the defense.

"Up or out" defines the "perish" end of the more familiar "publish or perish," much to the detriment not only of the intellectual proletariat but also of the quality of

The university does not want to know how bad things are. It cannot, accordingly, admit that teaching basic literacy is a reasonable action

American scholarly writing. Boswell worked for twenty years on his life of Johnson. Had he been in the employ of an American university, he would have been severed at the end of his sixth year for lack of publication. More likely, however, he would have won tenure by never undertaking his ambitious biography at all and writing instead articles, vignettes, monographs, etc., on his subject. If he published a book, it would have been a collection of such pieces with an editorial overview. In short, if Boswell had been faced with "up or out" and "publish or perish," he would have produced one of our patented non-books instead of his masterpiece, for the closed-shop policies of American academic life have produced a powerful bias toward short and hasty work, a bias the more pervasive as its origin is unrecognized.

There is, of course, a back door to the closed shop. Mr. Mark M. Gormley, a marvelously sardonic librarian, reports in *Management Problems in Serials Work* on an experiment in which a list of 87 journals in economics was sent to 160 academic economists. The economists were asked to evaluate the journals by assigning point-scores from zero to twenty. When the results were tallied, the two non-existent journals which had been included as a control measure finished in 21st and 59th place respectively.

If the unemployed PhD is a pitiable figure, it may be because he persists in begging for a piece of this insane action. It pains me to say it, but the intellectual proletarians crowding round the job-announcement bulletin boards at academic conventions remind one of giraffe and wildebeest pawing the dust where the waterhole used to be. Intellectually as well as financially, the American academy has dried up. When will we wake up and move on?

There is, however, a deeper tragedy besetting American academic life, a misfortune affecting many more than the few thousand bright young doctors who are currently out of work. It is the sad fact that the narrowly economic attitude of the American faculty toward its academic responsibilities has now totally infected the student body. Faculty have so long delivered their conference papers and their articles to the tenure and promotion committee as if they were affiliates supplying parts to General Motors, that students have begun to "work" for the faculty in precisely the same mood. Faculty are paid with tenure or promotion, students with a grade or a degree. Learning is nowhere its own reward.

I believe that the prostration of the American schools can be directly related to that attitude, but before discussing the relationship, let me introduce Mike Anderson. Anderson (not his real name) is a freshman at the University of Montana *who cannot confidently spell his own name.* Atop the one quiz he managed to take in my "Introduction to the Study of Religion," he wrote "Mike Anerson," with a heavy smudge around the error: he had evidently tried more than one spelling and settled on this one. A fluke? Consider his answer to the principal test question, a question on James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain.* The question read: "Pick a character from the novel and tell why, in your opinion, he/she was/wasn't saved." The answer read: "Roy and John of Deb the first wife of Gabriel. were drinking wines and smokeing and doing many things" (*sic*). One former colleague decries my novelistic approach to the Christian notion of salvation as already an unwarranted concession to religious illiteracy. Evidently the concession is too small, and the illiteracy more than religious.

Most of my colleagues blame this sort of illiteracy on the English Department, the English Department in turn blames it on the high schools, the high schools on the grammar schools, etc., in a kind of infinite regress. I am willing at least to entertain the reverse hypothesis; namely, that the

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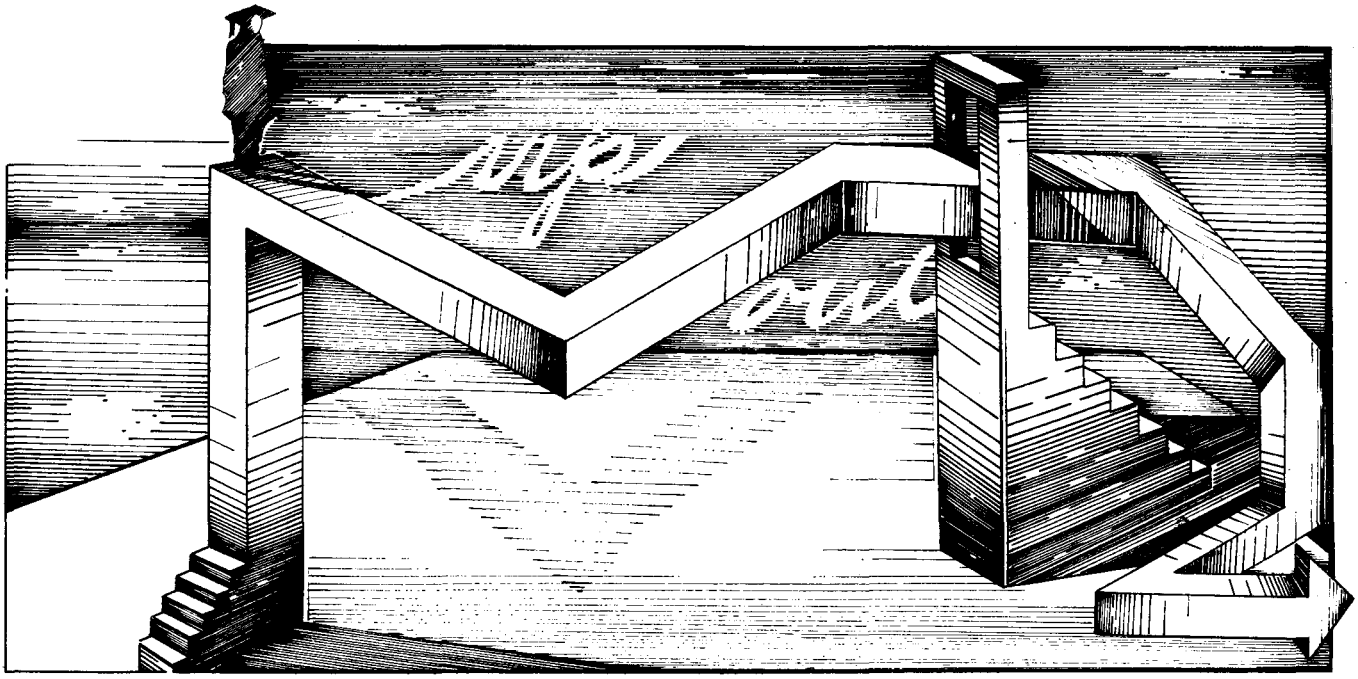

universities set the tone for the intellectual life of the country as a whole, down to and including the tone of the kindergartens. If I am right, then when college professors love not learning but only what learning can buy, our kindergartens are in trouble. A bricklayer who does not like bricks may, for a sum, build you a tolerable wall, but an English teacher who does not love poetry will leave your child a philistine. The capacity to seek and enjoy learning for its own sake happens to be utterly essential to the capacity to teach. The perpetual student may be a rather farcical figure at times, but no one else can do the job.

Faced now with the human wreckage of another, more narrowly calculated approach to learning and teaching, what can scholars like Kirk's newly cashiered young friend possibly do? I do not, personally, regard it as beneath professorial dignity to teach basic literacy. I have, over the years, inflicted too many such indignities on my own teachers to claim immunity at this late date; and beyond that, I take a certain pride in America's claim to be the greatest *mass* culture the world has ever seen. My parents bought

If I am right, then when college professors love not learning but only what learning can buy, our kindergartens are in trouble

an encyclopedia in the supermarket, and thereon hangs my tale. Who am I to insist on "standards"?

I know, however, from bloody experience, that remedial teaching is an exacting and immensely time-consuming chore. A younger scholar who addresses himself to it will perish, not publish; at the end of his six years, he will go out, not up. Though research and teaching are ideally not only compatible but symbolic, research and this sort of teaching are mutually inimical. One is forced then to an ugly choice. Either he will deliver lectures as if they were understood, when he knows they are not, and correct papers as if they were written in standard English, when he can see that they are not—or he will teach what needs to be learned and resign himself to early severance. The university does not want to know how bad things are. It cannot, accordingly, admit that teaching basic literacy is a reasonable—indeed often the only reasonable—course of action. As Arthur Koestler pointed out in his essay "On Disbelieving Atrocities," believing an atrocity means facing an atrocious adjustment in one's habitual modes of thought and action.

THE ATROCIOUS adjustment may be thrust upon American universities from an unexpected quarter, however. U.S. Commissioner of Education Terrel Bell recently reported that only 56 per cent of American adults are able to match qualifications to job requirements when shown a series of newspaper help-wanted ads, and that one-fifth of the population cannot read an "equal opportunity" notice well enough to understand it. Again according to Bell, 39 million Americans cannot locate the Social Security deduction on a monthly earnings statement. Now, educational malpractice suits are rarely brought, and yet there must be, in the minds of some of those staring millions of functionally illiterate graduates, a ghastly suspicion of fraud. The teenaged son of a close friend recently barged, panic-stricken, into the office of the chairman of his high school English Department. At 16, he knew enough to fear what he hadn't learned: how to spell, how to write a clear paragraph, how to organize his thoughts to his own satisfaction. He was at the head of his class *and alarmed about it*. Listening to him, I wonder what will happen when, in Eliot's cold lines,

> . . . emotion takes to itself the emotionless
> Years of living among the breakage
> Of what was believed in as most reliable—
> And therefore fittest for renunciation,

and the legions of the illiterate call their teachers to account.

There are very few signs of hope. As the "birth dearth" which has already emptied so many elementary and junior high school classrooms begins to make itself felt on college

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campuses, competition for student bodies grows steadily more ignominious. Legislatures are prone to eliminate a campus or department which does not "generate" its quota of "full-time teaching-equivalencies." Thus economically threatened, faculties resort to any ploy to lure students away from dormitory daytime television and into the classroom. Courses grow easier and easier, grades rise higher and higher. Ten years from now, or five, faculties will look back to present mediocrity as to a golden age.

Faculty are paid with tenure or promotion, students with a grade or a degree. Learning is nowhere its own reward

In view of all this, it is surely not surprising that a young scholar like Kirk's friend is not overly dismayed to find himself busted to a stonemason. (Did he have a cousin in the union?) Our ruined academic institutions offer little to newcomers like him, however comfortable they may remain for those who arrived early and, like gypsies in the Alhambra, pitched a careful camp.

Even unemployed, however, Kirk's friend and his fellows remain a force to be reckoned with. Some of them were drawn to the academic life in the thought, as Thoreau might have put it, of "private weal," the good life on campus. Over them, the New Left now exerts a powerful attraction. The fact that even their fellow-radicals smile secretly at their rhetoric is no reason to dismiss them. As Eric Hoffer has taught us, the power of the "man of words" to smooth the path to tyranny is precisely that he is not taken seriously:

> The preliminary work of undermining existing institutions, of familiarizing the masses with the idea of change, and of creating a receptivity to a new faith, can be done only by men who are, first and foremost, talkers or writers and are recognized as such by all. . . . The masses listen to [the man of words] because they know that his words, however urgent, cannot have immediate results. The authorities either ignore him or use mild methods to muzzle him. Thus imperceptibly the man of words undermines established institutions, discredits those in power, weakens prevailing beliefs and loyalties, and sets the stage for the rise of a mass movement.

Clever talk, of course, is anyone's weapon, and one might wish to hear other from Kirk's friend than

> I have lost almost all interest in political affairs and find most of them either dreary or droll. I cannot imagine myself teaching students again the intricacies of political science.

But psychologically, if not logically, it can scarcely be otherwise. To give my fellow intellectual proletarians their due, there are some among them who linger over the hope of a stable, modest living in academe not like wildebeest at the dry waterhole but like Milton, in the belief that they have important things to say that "the world will not willingly let die." But when does that noble confidence become an intolerable conceit, and who can answer such questions honestly about himself? Our age forgives no one more reluctantly than the poseur. Why take the chance?

In thoughts like these, even those neophyte scholars who do have something to say—perhaps Kirk's friend is one—"turn their back on the city," as he put it. Yeats was right: "The intellect of man is forced to choose perfection of the life or of the work," but a few intellects, of late, have been forced to choose prematurely. The loss is to political stability as well as to culture.

One can only regret the pettiness of university customs that drive away needed talent, though no one surely is to be faulted who remains within the university and tries to make it work. If the thing can stand, let it stand. If it must fall, let it fall of its own weight, tripping over its feet. In the meantime, and in the end, a true scholar, however penniless, is never unemployed. Kirk's friend may sink further into poverty and obscurity, but "Innocent and quiet minds take that for hermitage." Someday—twenty, forty years from now?—he will be needed, and he will be ready. □

The Clerk's Tale

Whan that Aprille with its petrodollar
The U.S. wight hath squeezed by the collar,
And bothred eke Congresse to new billes
For jobbes whereat to swink in mines and milles,
So, bisily from every Arab natioun
Come purchyses of armes and more inflatioun.

Whan Ford nas not a Lincoln nor a Chrysler,
Ne coude he wel invok a new Zeitgeiste;
But lever wold he leye on oon a tariff,
Al be that preises bringe around the sheriff
And folkes lyk no mor to sing a carol
Whil thredbar or clad only in a barrel.

'Fore Martha Mitchell 'plain indignitye
Few peple ken swich plumb duplicitye;
'Fore Congressperson Abzug gon bananas
Man wotteth not what CIA files ran us;
Whan Lorde Douglas sware he never dodder,
Thilke only mak owr enchiladas odder.

A Clerk, Friedman ycleped, long hath seyde:
"A smarte hors could better run the Fede."
(Mor slowly turning interest on and offe
To leve a steady streme within the troughe.)
Congress, natheles, the fyskal futur chancing,
Sink mor in debt with defysit financing.

Now-Keynes, now-Rand, Greenspan, and Geryld's Besse,
How mighte we ende thys economique messe?

—William P. Wharton

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HARRINGTON (D., MASS.)

An Affair of Honor

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

BEFORE LONG, the House of Representatives will have to a) look at the matter of Michael Harrington, or b) close its eyes to the matter of Michael Harrington. As the leadership sees it, neither alternative offers vast appeal.

If the House chooses to look at the charges against Mr. Harrington, the House must vote to expel the fellow—or at the very least, to visit upon him anathema, ostracism, and censure. Any such procedure would further divide the Democrats, who are sufficiently divided already. Even a proposal for punishment would elevate Mr. Harrington to hero status. If the matter came to floor debate, whole hampers of dirty linen would be publicly washed. For House elders, the prospect is unpleasant.

On the other hand, if the House chooses to close its eyes to the Harrington affair, the House will condone a brazen violation of its rules. A failure to expel or to punish Mr. Harrington will create a precedent for wholesale violations—and blind eye-closings—in the future. Those members who are outraged by Mr. Harrington's conduct will be further outraged if the leadership sweeps the matter under a rug. Such a prospect seems equally unpleasant.

The affair began on April 22, 1974, when William Colby appeared before the Special Subcommittee on Intelligence. The subcommittee is a part of the Committee on Armed Services. Mr. Colby, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, testified in executive session on CIA operations in Chile from 1962 to 1973. His testimony was typed up, classified Top Secret, and locked in the committee files.

Mr. Harrington is a 38-year-old Democrat who may fairly be styled, with no pejorative overtones, as an ultraliberal Democrat. He was elected to the House in 1969 following the death of William H. Bates, and has represented the Sixth District of Massachusetts since that time. Mr. Harrington holds passionate views on the CIA.

Learning of Mr. Colby's testimony, Mr. Harrington presented himself on June 4, 1974 at the office of the Committee on Armed Services. He sought access to the Colby transcript. The committee has a set of ten rules "to be followed by Members of Congress who wish to read classified information in the committee files." Rule Nine says: "The contents of such classified information will not be divulged to any unauthorized person in any way, form, shape or manner."

Mr. Harrington signed this statement: "I have read the Rules of the Committee on Armed Services relative to access by Members of the House of Representatives to classified information in the Committee files, *and I agree to honor these rules.*"

If a digression may be permitted, the emphasized words are important. Like many other institutions and parliamentary bodies, the House lives by the honor system. A Member's word is his bond. Agreements daily are reached by a yes, a no, or a nod, and these are not sealed even by a handshake. They are sealed by honor. It is the glue that holds the body together.

BECAUSE Mr. Harrington agreed "to honor these rules," he was given the Colby transcript. He returned to the committee's office on June 12, again signed the pledge, and again examined the transcript. Then he went forth and dishonored his word. Mr. Harrington leaked the substance of the Colby testimony to Laurence Stern of the *Washington Post*. He leaked to "a fellow named Jerome Levinson who works for Frank Church." He leaked to members of his own staff. On July 18, he prepared and dispatched long and detailed letters to Thomas Morgan, chairman of House Foreign Affairs, and to William Fulbright, then chairman of Senate Foreign Relations. In these letters he spelled out the Colby transcript in chapter and verse.

Early in September 1974, Seymour Hersh of the *New York Times* got his hands on Mr. Harrington's letter to Dr. Morgan. Mr. Hersh telephoned Mr. Harrington on September 6, and Mr. Harrington played coy. He wouldn't say yes, and wouldn't say no. He said, "I am not going to comment on what you print until I see it in print." He said, "I don't intend to contribute to the initial story, if there is in fact an initial story." Thus encouraged, Mr. Hersh broke the story on September 8.

On September 25, 1974, the Special Subcommittee on Intelligence called Mr. Harrington on the carpet. This was also an executive session. Mr. Harrington was put under oath. Chairman Lucien Nedzi asked if Mr. Harrington would tell the subcommitte what he had done with the information gleaned from the Colby transcript. Mr. Harrington said, "Sure." He is a great one for saying, "Sure."

Mr. Harrington testified that he read the Colby testimony, and that he was startled by its substance. He found the information troublesome. The CIA director had candidly described the CIA's involvement in Chile during the Allende period. Mr. Harrington was shocked and dismayed. He at once determined that the Colby testimony "had to become known and had to become understood by both the Congress and hopefully the country." He would have preferred that the information be disclosed by "legitimate methods," but this seemed to him unlikely. He therefore proceeded to do it himself.

He went first to Congressman Dante Fascell, chairman of the CIA oversight subcommittee, "informing him of the specifics of what I had read." Mr. Harrington was asked if he felt free, despite his pledge of honor, to disclose these specifics to a Member who had not also signed the pledge. "Sure," said Mr. Harrington. He thought Mr. Fascell needed to know these surprising things about what the CIA had done.

Congressman Bob Wilson, a member of the Special Subcommittee on Intelligence, interrupted with a question: "I can understand that you were surprised by what you found, but didn't you in any way feel bound by what you had signed?"

(Continues on page 788)

Mr. Kilpatrick is an author, former newspaper editor, and syndicated columnist.

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LETTER FROM NOWHERE

There Goes the Birthrate!

TIMOTHY R. SANFORD

SOMEWHERE IN Darkest Africa there is a small nation called the Barfa Republic. It is called this because the majority of people who live there are members of the Barfa tribe.

Many years ago, before the coming of the Europeans, the Barfa were a peaceful band of hunters and gatherers, living on the shores of a lake. They hunted during the day, and gathered in the evening to get snockered on a beverage which they made from the pith of the glomma-glomma tree. The lake was called M'noroborombona-kawanawagm, which means "the water which the elephants who are large and grey drink, which is surrounded by trees on all sides." This took a long time to say, but they seldom referred to the lake, and they had lots of time anyway. Until the Glokka arrived.

The Glokka were much more advanced than the Barfa. They had devised military discipline. This gave them time to sit around and be advanced, because they could compel others to do their dirty work for them. Also, they were larger in stature than the Barfa. Naturally, they subdued the Barfa and ruled them as subjects.

TO COMPLETE the ethnological picture, another tribe—called the Risamburu—was driven by powerful enemies into the territory of the Glokka and the Barfa. The Risamburu were midway in size between the Barfa (who were small) and the Glokka (who were large). The Risamburu made outstanding pottery; so they interlocked with the other two tribes, to the benefit of the Glokka and the detriment of the Barfa, who had just acquired another set of overseers. But, meditated the philosophical Barfa, that's what you get for calling a lake M'noroborombona-kawanawagm. Life went on. Every four years, half the Barfa and a quarter of the Risamburu starved to death. They all had a high infant mortality rate, and the Glokka had very involved courtship practices which kept a lot of them single, so the relative populations remained more or less stable. This was little comfort to the starvers, but no one asked them anyway.

Then, in the fifteenth century, an Arab arrived and tried to convert the Glokka to Islam. He failed to do so. Later the Arabs, who were short of cash, found that they could sell slaves very profitably to the Spaniards (when they were not fighting them at Lepanto). So they struck a deal with the Glokka whereby they would trade muskets and gunpowder for surplus Barfa. Everyone had more to eat, and there were the muskets to think of, so the arrangement was maintained to the immense satisfaction of everyone except the Barfa. But they were persuaded to think of the greatest good for the greatest number.

In the late eighteenth century, an English explorer named Gleedle discovered the lake, which he named Lake Caroline after his pet cat. The English occupied the area, which they named Glokkaland. In the following 75 years, under a succession of able governors, the infant mortality rate was greatly reduced, agriculture was developed (the Barfa working the land, under the direction of the Risamburu, who developed talents along commercial lines). The Glokka were retained in their position of dominance, under the British policy of noninterference in native affairs. A railroad was built to the coast; a fine city was constructed, and equipped with running water and the electric telegraph. The children of important Glokka went to London to study law, history, and other useful disciplines. The Glokka were given rudimentary training in administration, to relieve the strain on the Foreign Service; the Risamburu were trained as mechanics and clerks. There were still the Barfa, but no one paid any attention to them; after all, they still called Lake Caroline M'noroborombona-kawanawagm, and what can you do with people like that?

In due course, the young Glokka became enamored of the idea of independence. They staged demonstrations and were put under house arrest; some went to Moscow, because Russia's opposition to colonial rule is of long standing, as any Crimean, Tatar, Armenian, Georgian, Ruthenian, Ukrainian, Mongolian, or Uzbek could tell you. The young Glokka had been in London a long time; some had been in Moscow a long time. Sometimes they went to New York and spoke at cocktail parties and the UN. Meanwhile, England's trade was declining, and it cost £100,000 a year to run Glokkaland. The Young Glokka Movement was fervently republican—splinter factions were fervently Marxist—and so England decided, in due course, that Glokkaland was eminently suited for independence. There was a strong governmental structure (run by Glokka), a good industrial base (run by Risamburu), and an army, which was officered by Glokka and manned by Barfa; so everything was just fine. A five-year period of phasing out was initiated; Glokkaland was officially renamed the Glokka Republic. For five years everything went along wonderfully. Then the British garrison left.

The Barfa found themselves with rifles and machine guns.

THE BARFA REPUBLIC is getting along rather well. The decrease in population has resulted in less need for agriculture; and the inhabitants find time for gathering in the evenings by the shore of M'noroborombona-kawanawagm, imbibing a beverage made from the pith of the glomma-glomma tree and singing beautiful songs, which are available in the U.S. on the Folkways label. The infant mortality rate is on its way up again, but no one seems to mind. □

Mr. Sanford is a freelance writer living in New York.

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Sons and Daughters, Not Orphans

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

ON JULY 15, at 8:20 A.M., the Soviets will launch into orbit a two-man Soyuz spacecraft from Baikonur in Soviet Kazakhstan. Seven and a half hours later, the Americans will launch a three-man Apollo craft from Cape Canaveral. Two days after that, the two craft should dock some 140 miles above Spain.

This Apollo-Soyuz mission is but a tiny step. Within a few short years, there will be permanently orbiting stations in space. These, it is planned, will make for orbiting colonies: giant cylinders housing initially at least 10,000 people, then greater and greater numbers, together with all they need to sustain human life. From these, there can be further launchings deep into space, colonizing ever more and more remotely from Earth, probing the silences of the galaxies. No longer the mere sky, but ever-receding space is the limit.

Current literature and thinking—scientific, popular science, and sci-fi—have already locked even so great and in many ways unimaginable an adventure as our space future into the same drab mythology in which they have already embedded our prehistoric past. Amino acids, reptiles, chimps, and other things, it is fabled, tell us what we *were* and *are*. The evidence will come for all that. If we just live our lives as though we already know it is true, we will see it is true. (That is called by the technical name of objectivity.)

The Orphan, Man

Now comes the extension of such fabling into the future tense of all mankind. "Out there" more highly evolved beings will tell us what we must *become*. "They must be out there." As "more highly evolved" than we, they will know more facts than we, be more powerful than we. Still, never fear! Mathematics will give us a common language. Off to a good start! And "they" may yet save us and our civilization from ourselves—if we find each other in time.

So, many have been listening for a message from "them." Others have been sending out messages, hoping "they" will pick up our signals. Astronomers Drake and Sagan of Cornell University even devised a picture of us, male and female (height supplied), and a diagramatic display of where we are. It was etched on a plaque, attached to Pioneer 10, and is now some millions of miles out among the planets. You never know. And all our other proud "creations" up there: brave little Mariner 10 has performed "near miracles" of travel toward "them"; Pioneer "goes to sleep" and "wakes up" on command; Aryabhata is up there touting the Indian presence for "them."

The truth is that, while governments have quite hard-nosed purposes—military, economic, political—for their space programs, our "thinkers" have wrapped all this expensive hardware in the ballyhoo of a genuine mythology about the daring orphan, Man, who stands at the crossroads of his climbing history; one arm stretching backward into time to shake hands with his Missing Link(s), the other reaching out through trillion-mile-long corridors of galactic space to touch the fingertips of his senior fellow evolvents.

No wonder Christianity is alien and outcast for these "thinkers." For it states: once in history and for all time, a single race of beings, the human species, was chosen by God for the exclusive privilege of having God's only Son as a member, as its savior, and as its guarantor of divine life. But no other species will ever have that privilege. There will be no more divine incarnation.

And Christianity adds a caution: Do not be surprised *or* fearful to find that, contrary to the wishful thinking of self-styled objective thinkers, there is nobody else "out there." That we are alone. Completely alone with the solar winds, inhospitable planets, pulsars, black holes, Red Giants and White Dwarfs, meteorites, and the limitless expanses of a universe that we shall populate and humanize as sons and daughters of our Father, God.

But our "thinkers" appear not to have progressed beyond the year 1492. That was a neat trap. The same trap. Thinkers then were just about knocked off their intellectual pins to find other creatures on the other side of Earth—the outer space of the day. Such previously undiscovered creatures were surely not "human." Not as Europeans were human, at least.

They had misunderstood, as we have, what "human" nature means. The Son of the Father has not mentioned residency requirements. Wherever and whenever human beings exist or go, and whether we label humans as "we" or "they," they are unchangeably sons and daughters of that divine Father, because of that Son's sacrifice.

Our Brothers and Sisters

And we have misunderstood not just once, but again and again, what Jesus meant after His resurrection: "All authority has been given to Me in the skies and on Earth." First, we limited Jesus' meaning to the dimensions of a Semite Paradise; then to a vague placement above the curves of a Copernican globe. We will soon find that the humanness of Jesus has already bridged the "gap" between the near-future Space human, as distinct from the Earth human.

When Americans Stafford, Brand, and Slayton and Soviets Leonov and Kubasov lift off during these days, the Earth they leave is not merely the third planet out from the Sun, identifiable by the coordinates of 14 pulsars. Nor are astronauts and cosmonauts, any more than the rest of us, essentially or only animals with genitals for procreation and heads for mathematics, as Pioneer's plaque depicts us.

They and we are essentially of the spirit and of God. And Earth is where one of us, the greatest, Jesus, stretched both arms out wide and embraced the whole universe of human being—ancient, present, and future, within Earth's atmosphere, throughout every stellar cluster, and on the loneliest satellite moon among the billions of galaxies.

And those arms were not stretched out in a dying posture, but as an expression of God's original decree. For, long before primitive gasses whirled out of an inorganic abyss, the Spirit of God brooded over the yet unformed birthplace of our race; and God said: My pleasure is to be with humankind. □

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The End of Academic Freedom?

AT FERRIS STATE COLLEGE in Michigan—only a few miles from where your servant dwells—two professors were given notices of dismissal recently. Both were experienced college teachers of high reputation: Mrs. Margaret Eller, assistant professor of engineering graphics, and Dr. James Lehnert, associate professor of biology. Several of their colleagues came close to being dismissed.

What are all these people guilty of—moral turpitude? Nay, not so: their academic records and their private lives were beyond reproach. They enjoyed academic tenure, too—or thought they did. Their crime was that they declined to pay dues to a union.

Late in 1973, a teachers' union gained exclusive bargaining rights at Ferris: the Ferris Faculty Association, affiliated with the Michigan Education Association and the National Education Association. Since then, this local of the MEA has succeeded in imposing upon all members of the Ferris faculty who do not join the union a "service fee" of $160 per year—the equivalent of union dues. The Ferris administrators conceded to the union, without a struggle, this privilege of collecting tribute from professors who do not wish to join the union. More recently, the Ferris State College Board of Control resolved—with a single honorable abstention—that any faculty members who do not pay union dues or "service fees" will be dismissed from their employment.

Some months ago, a good many Ferris instructors still held out against payment of tribute, which conflicts directly with academic tenure rights. But intimidation by union and administration, and the bleak prospects of the college job market, induced most of the dissenters to pay the service fee—some under formal protest. By this spring, six tenured professors still refused to submit to an arbitrary "agency shop."

Yet as the deadline for compliance approached, four of the six paid their fees under protest, placing the funds in escrow to await the outcome of litigation. That left Mrs. Eller and Dr. Lehnert. In May, notices of dismissal were sent to them by the president of Ferris State; Dr. Lehnert then also paid under protest. Rather than submit, Mrs. Eller retired from her post at Ferris, where she had been a member of the faculty ever since 1963; she had taught for 19 years in Michigan's system of public instruction, and had spent another 15 years as a skilled technician in engineering shops. Had she been able to hold out for one more year, she would have obtained a fuller pension.

This Ferris case is ominous: for the first time, a state college or university has dismissed tenured professors because they protest against paying substantial sums of money to a union that they have not joined, and to whose activities they strongly object. As Dr. Lehnert and other vexed members of the Ferris faculty have pointed out, most of the dues or fees go to support the big-scale political lobbying, direct or indirect, of the Michigan Education Association and the National Education Association. Of the Ferris "service fee" of $160, it appears that only $22 is retained by the Ferris Faculty Association, for rendering to the faculty such services as bargaining with the Ferris administration. Another $6, allocated from each instructor's tribute, in theory may be refunded to those who demand that sum back, the MEA confessing that this much is used in political campaign contributions directly.

The cause of the Ferris professors is bound up with litigation already in Michigan courts, and the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping with their appeal against the threat of dismissal. The Supreme Court of Michigan has held in other cases that Michigan's statute authorizing the agency shop for public employees, enacted last year, takes precedence over the earlier tenure act. But the Ferris protestors, and certain teachers in Detroit and elsewhere, argue that compulsory extraction of such "fees" is unconstitutional, under the first and fourteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

Despite ardent and well-financed organizing campaigns by the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers, as yet only eight or ten colleges and universities, in all the country, have succumbed to "agency shop" contracts. Of these few, Ferris State is the only institution to have dismissed members of its faculty at the insistence of a union.

Time was when the principal threat to academic freedom came from pressure groups outside the academy. In recent decades, the independence of the professor has been menaced by arbitrary college and university administrators, bent upon empire-building. But nowadays the chief enemies of freedom to teach are the teachers' unions.

As Dr. James Lehnert wrote to Ferris State's Tenure Review Board, "The teaching jobs at Ferris are not the property of the union. The public colleges of Michigan belong to the public they serve. The union is not the voice of the teaching profession. . . . They are interested in academic freedom only insofar as it helps them to their political goals. Academic freedom is essentially protection of the right to study, think, and teach the truth. Tenure is designed to allow freedom of expression, and is most often challenged by political ideologues, as in this case, who coerce others into conformity, and in this case even demand economic support."

AMEN to that. The Ferris administrators, and the Ferris State Board of Control, have hoped to achieve academic peace by conceding everything to the local union. They will find this an illusory hope. The salary of the highest paid professor at Ferris is less than $24,000, while there are at least 46 Ferris administrators who receive larger salaries than this. (I am grateful to the Ferris Faculty Association for this interesting data.) The pusillanimous president of Ferris, a Dr. Robert L. Ewigleben, received a salary last year of $42,800. The union doesn't think he's worth it, and in that matter the union is correct. Compulsory dues can be employed to unseat presidents (including Presidents of these United States), as well as to take away the tenure of sound scholars. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

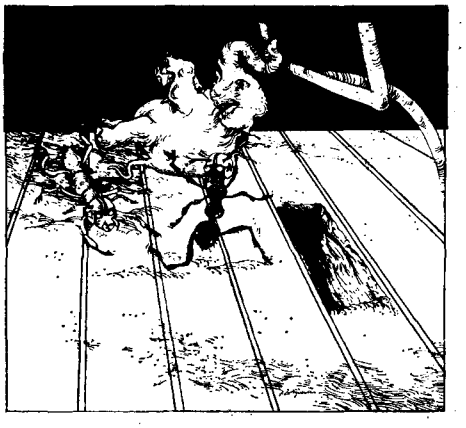
The Elephants' Graveyard

Hell, yes, there's still a Grand Old Party in Mid-Manhattan. Republicans threw one just last month at the St. Regis Maisonette. I thought they got stored away with the Christmas balls: those rapt, secure faces you see fox-trotting to Guy Lombardo on New Year's Eve. They look most at home in cardboard hats, all webbed up with paper streamers like Laocoön and his immediate family. The people Bing Crosby will sing to if he ever sings again. For Republicans know it's Auld Lang Syne the year round. Mastodons, trunk deep in the tar pit, trumpeting defiance to a ring of unresponsive hills.

Give name, address, telephone number at the reception desk—you may win a door prize. You may, but the odds are better that you'll end up on a New York County Republican Volunteers' mailing list for the next two generations. Admission and limp potato chips are free at the Maisonette. Hit your favorite Democrat with a dart: six tosses for one dollar. That's what it's come down to now, a sorry sort of voodoo magic. Over here, one teacup for a buck: let out your frustrations, smash some china. The rapt, secure gentleman in grey sideburns and white pumps misses twice with his hammer. There does seem to be something uncoordinated about New York Republicans. I watch one lady shake a match seven or eight times before it fizzles out against her damp fingers of its own accord.

Drinks sell: perhaps they ought to buy a full-time liquor license and call it the Publican Party. Bill Raikin and his "Centre Street Stompers" are playing the Eisenhower age over again in song. The Maisonette, "opulent in its array of crystal and its setting of red velvet," is crowded, maybe five hundred drinkers. And when B. A. "Ritt" Rittersporn, president of the Republican Volunteers, gets up to speak maybe 26 pay attention. "This is serious business," he says. Smash: another teacup. Someone blows a whistle; now maybe 28 are paying attention. Ritt introduces Barry Farber, a radio talk show type who once ran against Bella Abzug. "Reading his obituary, Mark Twain said, 'Word of my demise is premature.' It's good to see so many Mark Twains here." But Farber beats it after depositing his aphorism on the dance floor. He prefers the respectful silence of sound studios. Listening to Barry or Ritt at the Maisonette is like listening to Caruso on a Maplesǫn cylinder, all surface noise.

And Rittersporn tells us why. "As you know, there's not much left of a Republican Party in Manhattan. We have only one elected Republican left. We've been virtually disenfranchised and it's all our fault. There are less than 100,000 of us here in Manhattan. We want to make this party expressive of the few Republicans left." Right on: that's just what you want to do. You want to build a better birdhouse for dodos. The 26 or 28 applaud.



Rittersporn intends to challenge County Chairman Vince Albano. Let him win: he'll be worse off than a shipwrecked sailor flagging down the *Titanic*. Albano is an "amiable rascal." Since 1962, under his leadership, the party has lost 230 of 256 Manhattan elections. "Albano sees politics as a 'retail business.' His own livelihood comes from a bank frequently investigated for its ability to attract huge no-interest deposits from governmental agencies." This Albano/Rittersporn showdown has about as much significance for national or local politics as the scrimmage between red and black ants in my wife's bushbean patch. Yet someone seems to care. In March the Republican Volunteers' office was broken into, robbed, vandalized, and set afire. Walls were scrawled on, political lists ripped off: not what you'd characterize as a drug addict's *modus operandi*. In May, the RV chairman's apartment was ransacked. Such vicious coincidences probably occurred among tyrannosauri as the Cretaceous Period wound down.

Whatever his amiable faults, Albano can hardly be blamed. I approach two lady RVs. One has a straw hat that advertises WILSON and ROCKY. What does the Republican Party stand for? That's a stumper. After three or four hesitant starts, the hatted lady volunteers a single word: idealism. Indeed. Post-Watergate, I'm sure that's just what comes to mind when your average American thinks, if he ever does, of the Republican Party. Well, how about Bill Rusher's suggestion—that conservative Republicans and Democratic "social conservatives" align themselves in a new party? "I'm for it," says the bareheaded one. "Especially if Ford makes Rockefeller his running mate." Her co-worker is strung to the hatband. "No. I'm for Rocky. We want more liberals, like Jacob Javits." Mind you, there's room for honest differences in any political organization, but this isn't honest difference, this is slit wrists and a warm bath. If these two ladies jerrybuilt the Republican platform between them it would have a 45° list to port and starboard. Some sea legs you'd need.

THESE ARE sincere and determined folk. Their determinations seem somewhat uncertain, that's all. An RV executive, Lloyd Targer, tells me, "Republicans stand for fiscal responsibility—look at the condition New York City is in." Yah: but Mayor Beame deserves a condolence. He just didn't have time enough to stage-manage this disaster all by himself. John Lindsay, the once and former Republican, merits an assist. "We hire out as mercenaries to any Republican who'll have us. We were the only New York group to get money from CREEP in 1972." That's a sure

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measure of one's seriousness. "These people aren't interested in politics. They want to drink and pick up girls. We have a hard core of about one hundred." That core had damn well better be hard.

Take any American trend, cross the George Washington Bridge with it, and you can multiply it by five. New York may be the elephants' graveyard, but Republicans nationwide are under intensive care. When you stand for "idealism," it's time to play the National Anthem and sign off. A hundred thousand Manhattan Republicans can't be right. □

PLACES

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Ned Harrigan's Summer House

The Adirondack Mountains of New York State were "discovered" by Manhattanites in the 1880s. My grandfather Edward Harrigan, playwright and partner in the musical comedy team of Harrigan & Hart that kept New York laughing in those years, was one of the discoverers. In 1883, he built a summer mansion out of pine on the shores of Schroon Lake in the heart of the Adirondacks.

No architects were available in the Adirondacks in that era. A local carpenter and his workmen, equipped with scroll saws, built Ned Harrigan a summer house with everything that the flamboyant taste of the Victorian era required. The big house, with more than twenty rooms, stained glass doors, frills, lattice work, and handsome cupola, was as extravagant as Ned Harrigan's farces dealing with the social and political ambitions of New York's Irish and German immigrant citizenry.

My grandfather's summer house was full of excitement for the children of the family—both for the generation that grew up in the 1880s and '90s and for the next generation, who spent summers in the house in the 1920s and '30s. The attic and cupola were filled with trunks, old theatrical costumes, camping equipment, side-saddles, hunting rifles, and souvenirs from dinners given in honor of Irish politicians.

The centers of life in that house were the wide porches shaded by tall pines and maples. In my grandfather's day, the children slept on the porches during the long, cool Adirondack summers. The fishermen in the family used hunting knives to etch the outline of their catches on the porch flooring. In the evening, members of the family and guests—usually at least a dozen and sometimes more than twenty people—sat in wicker chairs and heavy rockers on the front porch, talking about the weather, Franklin Roosevelt, and the next day's trip to the village.

My grandfather's guest list included a wide variety of human types—doctors, detectives, and politicians. While listening to my elders on the porch one evening, I first heard the story of how a family friend had sabotaged William Randolph Hearst's plan to be mayor of New York City—by throwing pro-Hearst ballots in the East River. My great-aunt Martha, Ned Harrigan's sister, spent Sunday afternoons reading the *New York Herald Tribune*. She was such an obdurate Republican that she refused even to glance at the *New York Times*.

THE EVENINGS in the Adirondacks were innocent. Adults and children sat on the porch in the darkness, talking, laughing, and sometimes singing. The lights along the lakeshore were known quantities—places and people. Frequently the adults would watch the teenagers in the family set out in a motorboat toward Watch Rock Hotel, crossing the lake on the golden path of the moonlight. From time to time we would hear fishermen beyond our rocks: oars grinding in oarlocks and the splash of water. A cousin would call in the darkness that the bass fishing by the old wood dock was exceptionally good. The children would run to the beach to clean fish by lantern light. In the living room my sister's friends would play jazz on our grandmother's old Sohmer square grand. The library—under the somewhat intimidating, steely-eyed gaze of my great-grandfather's portrait—was a place of discovery: grandfather's beautiful edition of Shakespeare bound in white leather, father's medical books in German, early nineteenth century books on the peasantry of West Ireland.

Memories of a full childhood in a happy place come in a rush: old pictures of the racing sloop *Rainbow* on the barn wall; our Cole touring car with fenders almost as heavy as cast iron; the sea sled under full throttle off our beach; my father's friend Major Lambert, who wore a monocle and who died destitute on Welfare Island; Mrs. Murray's summer parties on Charlie Mountain (Mr. Murray was a Rockefeller lawyer), at which the customs of the 1890s were faithfully preserved; the Murrays' "toothpick launch," the last of a special type of lake boat, with open cockpit and corset stern. Mrs. Murray was very tall and resembled Queen Mary of England even to the point of wearing the same style of Edwardian turban hat.

THE SCHROON LAKE summers of long ago are memories of people: old Mr. Gregorie who cut the grass around the house with a long scythe; Orville Stoll, the plumber, who cleaned our spring house in the woods; Lee Murdock, the postmaster, a family friend who seemed to know the contents of all the mail the family received; Mr. Ambrose Henry, another family friend, a once wealthy New York broker who lost everything except his purple Rolls-Royce (who wanted a Rolls in 1935?); my Uncle Will's actor friend who had a 50-gallon gas tank installed in the rumble seat of his Packard roadster and loved to say "fill 'er up" to an attendant at a station where the gas was pumped by hand; "Uncle" Jerry Slocum, who was married to a cousin and whose chief interest was the Ticonderoga Museum. He suggested that I get a job at an Indian site, or "dig," at the museum. I declined when I discovered that my co-workers were deaf-mutes. No silent summer for me.

A principal feature of the summers at Schroon were the visitors. They came from everywhere. No doubt providing hospitality was difficult for my mother, as it had been for my grandmother. But the multitude of summer visitors was an education for the young in the family.

From the 1880s to the coming of World War II, Schroon Lake was a very special world. The 1929 Crash was a crippling blow, but the old summer life went on for more than a decade until gas rationing went into effect and the younger generation went into uniform.

Anthony Harrigan *is the executive vice president of the United States Industrial Council.*

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There was a last summer without anyone knowing it was a last summer.

Today, the toothpick launches and the sea sleds of yesterday are a fading memory shared by a few people. The Murrays have been in their graves for decades. The young people who played on our beach and in our woods have been scattered across the country and around the world. The Harrigan house, where plays were written, actors cavorted, and countless people young and old found happiness, is shuttered. Nearby, the Northway funnels traffic to Montreal, and part of New York's northland is almost forgotten. The curtain long ago rang down on Schroon Lake. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Buon Appetito!

If you like to eat well, food that is Northern Italian and easy on the tomatoes; if you don't want to spend too much; and if you want to bask in the illusion that you are in a Roman trattoria, the place to go is the Trattoria da Alfredo, at 90 Bank Street (corner of Hudson) in New York's Greenwich Village. If you feel nostalgia for the days when you stood at a tavola calda (quick self-service and take-out food place) in Milan or Florence eating artichokes or lasagne between museums, your nostalgia will be caressed at the Tavola Calda da Alfredo, also in Greenwich Village, at 285 Bleecker Street. Agreed that it isn't Italy, but it is as close to real Italian eating, again the easy-on-the-tomato kind, as you will find in New York—for informal eating, that is. I am talking of two of the most successful restaurants in the city, where Antonioni, Jack Nicholson, and Raquel Welch dine, where Julia Child and Jim Beard have beamed, and where all sorts of uptown folks mix with the Village's more presentable inhabitants.

Italian trattorie are free and easy places, where the good, substantial food is cooked and served by somebody with a certain amount of color. Alfredo Viazzi, owner and originator of the two places, is such a personality, an Italian from Italy, and a former journalist and movie and TV writer in Rome. Coming and going between the U.S. and Italy, he at one time managed a restaurant where he staged plays on the days it was closed, ending up by marrying a young beauty, Jane White, described by the *Times* as one of America's "finest classical actresses" (she now appears at the Stratford Festival in Connecticut). He learned to cook from an Italian chef in New York, but his love for food came from his mother, who cooked so abominably that his father took the family out to the best trattorie in Savona, his hometown near Genoa. Alfredo is not your ordinary Italian restaurateur, nor does he look it, with a seaman's short beard, merry, brilliant blue eyes, and a very friendly, breezy manner; in another age he might have been a condottiere or an explorer of the world beyond the water.

The Trattoria is a very small restaurant, seating some 36 guests at butcherboard tables, within walls hung with amusing and odd bits of art. Since the tables are very close to each other, it isn't the place for soulful intimacy; it's a place where strangers talk to each other, which I find fun, since most of the people not only look interesting, but are interesting.

THE FOOD IS of the kind you find in a Roman trattoria. There are stuffed vegetables for appetizers, such as mushrooms ($2.50) or an artichoke ($2.25). His pastas, which cost $3.75 or $3.95 for an ample portion, include one with a sauce made of cream, walnuts, basil, and Parmesan cheese; and, perhaps the most famous of all, a mixture of cream, butter, crumbled sausage, and mushrooms, flavored gently with tarragon and a hint of nutmeg, to go over fettucine. There is an excellent fish soup for $4.95, the Cacciucco Livornese, a main dish in itself; and another main dish, an unusual combination of four lightly poached vegetables served with a special sausage and a sharp green sauce, called Stronzata di Verdure Miste e Cotechino con Salsa Verde ($4.75). The salads include several found in Italy but seldom found here, such as green beans or cauliflower with a French dressing ($2.00 and $2.25). Desserts are simple—a cake, fresh fruit, or cheese—and the coffee is good.

What distinguishes Alfredo's food from other Italian food in New York is the freshness of the ingredients, a freshness that, again, you find in Italy, but very seldom indeed here. Things are freshly cooked, the pasta is al dente, the vegetables and salads are vivaciously crisp. Just because it is simple, the cooking is very careful.

The Trattoria da Alfredo has no wine or liquor license, and you bring your own. If you forget it, a well-stocked liquor store is right next door. At dinner, Alfredo's is invariably crowded. Customers often stand in line and there is no hope for those without reservations. At lunch time, you can usually, but not always, get in without a reservation. And if you want a special time over the weekend, you must reserve a week in advance. The place is closed Tuesdays and from July 15 to August 20. No credit cards and the phone is 929-4400.

The recently opened Tavola Calda da Alfredo, at 285 Bleecker Street, is a different proposition, where people come to take out food or to have a snack, rather than a full meal. It also serves wines, at retail prices rather than restaurant prices, an admirable practice that all restaurants should adopt as a surefire way to have people drink wine with their meals.

Whereas the ambiance of the Trattoria da Alfredo is Roman, that of the Tavola Calda is Milanese, with a neat showcase of foods and a bustling kitchen behind. The menu features ten appetizers, such as a frittata of spinach ($2.75), three stuffed zucchini for $2.50, and a nostalgic favorite of my youth, supplì of rice (deep-fried rice croquettes with cheese inside), on which poor students used to subsist. There are five pastas costing $3.75 and $4.00, and three entrées at $6.25, including osso buco. The salads, from $2.00 to $2.75, are of cooked vegetables, and there are three sauces to take out, pesto (a basil sauce), meat, and tomato, priced at $2.25 for two servings; the portions are ample.

Tavola Calda da Alfredo is open between noon and 11 P.M. Seven to 9 P.M. are the best hours to go there though you may have to wait five minutes. There are no reservations. The take-out food is neatly packed in containers in which it can be reheated, and instructions come with it. □

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BOOKS

An Unhappy Lot

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

A City in Terror: 1919—The Boston Police Strike
By Francis Russell
Viking, 256 pp., illus., $10

1919 was a busy year for troublemakers. Today it is mostly remembered as a period when anti-Communist hysteria swept the United States. At the time, however, it was the widespread agitation and violence of Marxist revolutionaries themselves that drew most of the attention. The fact that their efforts succeeded no better than they did was at least partially due to the intense but thoroughly logical reaction of a generation of middle- and working-class Americans who have since been dismissed by liberal historians as silly alarmists.

God knows the revolutionaries did not fail through lack of effort or ruthlessness on their own part. Anyone who lived on R Street in Washington, D.C. in 1919, and was awakened early one morning to the sound of a bomb blowing up in Attorney General Mitchell Palmer's front yard, as happened to my father, had little reason to doubt the serious intent of "the Bolsheviki." Fortunately, the Palmer bombing demonstrated another facet of the extreme Left—its tendency toward clumsiness and bungling. The Attorney General's would-be assassin stumbled and dropped his bomb while crossing the lawn, thereby disposing of himself instead of his intended victim.

WHICH LEADS me to one of the few factual errors in Francis Russell's splendidly researched and documented new book on the Boston Police Strike of 1919 and its background. According to Mr. Russell, only the bomber's head was ever found, "on a rooftop several blocks away." Untrue. One of his feet, and the shoe containing it, was picked up a few blocks down the street by a friend of my father's, who only reluctantly gave it up when his mother discovered it in the servants' larder, stored in an old icebox. The grisly relic went out with the next day's garbage—some people have no respect for history.

Not so Mr. Russell, who, among other things, has managed to write a long, informative, and positively entertaining life of Warren G. Harding, his widely read and applauded *The Shadow of Blooming Grove*. In *A City in Terror*, he tells a much more exciting tale with equal skill and style, and with a commendable sense of balance. Strikes, like sieges, have a built-in drama to them—ideal stuff for a talented narrative historian. And the Boston Police Strike was something special, the focal point for all of the anxieties of the moderate majority and all of the wildest hopes of the radical revolutionaries in 1919 America.

The basically decent and unlucky fellows caught in the middle were the underpaid and shabbily treated Boston police, exploited and then abandoned by union organizers, manipulated by rotten city politicians like Honey Fitz and Boss Curley, egged on by revolutionaries who hoped to turn the unguarded city into an ideological battlefield, and misunderstood by an upright but insensitive Yankee police commissioner who answered not to Democratic city hall but to the Republican governor. And there's the rub. The governor, a sleepy rustic named Calvin Coolidge, was just about the only one of the thousands of men and women whose lives were touched by the strike to profit from it. His "firm" stand, actually taken only after an initial period of almost criminal neglect, catapulted Coolidge to nationwide fame. Overnight, the torpid little New Englander with his occasional, almost imperceptible, glimmers of wit became the national symbol of law and order—"The Pilot Who Weathered the Storm," as he was dubbed in a heroic cartoon in the *Boston Herald*.

Mr. Russell does a fine job of captur-

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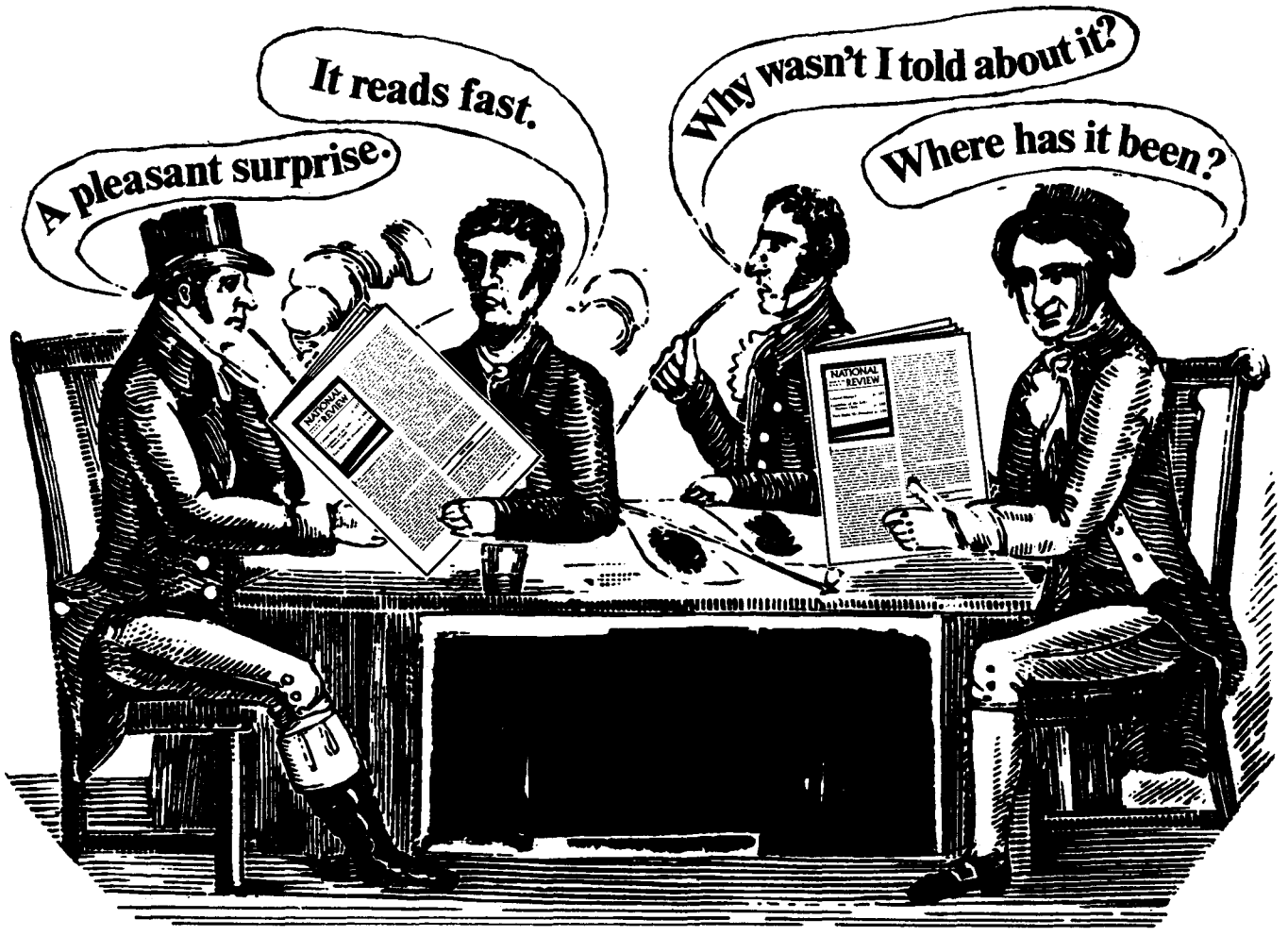

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ing Coolidge, one of the most enigmatic figures in American history, along with a large cast of more sharply honed Irish cops, Boston Brahmins, amateur soldiers, frightened shopkeepers, slimy politicians, and canny street urchins. The latter group seems to have been the first to recognize the real potential for anarchy that the situation provided. As the striking police ambled out of their station houses, many with tears in their eyes, the unwashed brats set up the cry: "Come on out and steal apples —no more cops!" The adult criminal population caught on soon enough too, and the result was a binge of violence and looting which, in turn, prompted Coolidge to call out the Guard.

BEFORE it was all over, there were even a few good cavalry charges down Pemberton Hill, while swarms of Yankee volunteers, probably just as eager to knock a few Irish heads as to restore order, prowled the streets with billy clubs and revolvers. The statewide reaction to the strike was, in fact, something of a last gasp for Yankee Supremacy—a momentary resurgence of "old" New England against "Irish" New England, one of many interesting undercurrents that Mr. Russell develops without unduly emphasizing.

A few lives were lost and some property rights violated during the Boston Strike, but, for the modern reader who can witness almost as much lawlessness during a single ironically named "Human Kindness Day" celebration in today's Washington, it seems pretty pallid stuff. The real losers, after the dust had settled, were the striking cops themselves. Because of some very real pay and working condition grievances, they had temporarily lost sight of a higher duty and they paid an awful price. For these brave, decent, and not overly bright Hibernians, membership in Boston's Finest had been much more than a job—it had been a deep source of pride. By striking, they had lost it forever; they were banned, en masse, from ever serving on the Boston force again. Many of them ended their days tramping melancholy beats in dingy mill towns or, worse yet, grew grey as bank dicks and house detectives in shabby hotels. Theirs was a decidedly unhappy lot.

Still, it was a small enough price to pay for establishing the simple but vital principle that Coolidge, with customary brevity, proclaimed in a telegram to Samuel Gompers: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime," a phrase that has since found its way into American folklore and even into *Bartlett's*. And as Mr. Russell concludes, it is much more than just a phrase. "No American city in over half a century has again been threatened by a walkout of police. This, at least, is the legacy of the Boston Police Strike." As for the event itself, Mr. Russell, who lived through the strike as a child, describes it with warmth, fairness, the thoroughness of a scholar, and the flair of a born story teller. □

Aram Bakshian Jr. *is on the staff of the White House. . . .* **Walter Connor** *is in the Sociology Department of the University of Michigan. . . .* **Jack Chatfield** *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford. . . .* **John R. Coyne Jr.**, *a frequent* NR *contributor, lives in Maryland. . . .* **Susan Schwartz McDonald** *is a freelance writer who lives in Philadelphia. . . . Book reviews are indexed in the* Book Review Index.

From under the Rubble
By Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Mikhail Agursky, A. B., Evgeny Barabanov, Vadim Borisov, F. Korsakov, and Igor Shafarevich
Little, Brown, 308 pp., $8.95

RESTORATION OF POLITICS

WALTER CONNOR

This is an important book, a major step in the restoration of politics in the USSR. Now, one might find that judgment paradoxical. *Restoration* of politics? In a country where "everything is political"? Where failing the litmus test of political "loyalty" has been for so long the nightmare of the average citizen? The paradox, however, is only apparent. If politics be the identification, discussion, and weighing of *alternative* ways of ordering relations between man and the state, it has been dead in the Soviet Union for a long time. The central purpose of the coercion-cum-propaganda enterprise which has flourished for half a century has been the creation of a docile, apolitical population. By and large, that purpose has been well served.

But not completely achieved, as the present book testifies. Solzhenitsyn and six other authors (four identified, two pseudonymous, all still in the USSR) have produced here a *very* political document. It is also deeply philosophical and religious in tone, renewing an interrupted tradition represented by a 1909 collection of essays, *Vekhi* (*Landmarks*), whose authors rejected then-current materialist and socialist trends among the revolutionary intelligentsia in favor of spiritual transformation. The intelligentsia in turn rejected *Vekhi*, only to be devoured by their revolution much as its authors had predicted. *From under the Rubble*, then, is a very *Russian* creation, much of which will sound as alien to Western readers as it must have been repugnant to whoever read it on behalf of the Politburo.

The contents of 11 essays on diverse topics can scarcely be summarized here, but clearly, some common threads run through most of them. One, which has proven controversial to sympathetic observers in the West ever since Solzhenitsyn expressed it in his "Letter to the Soviet Leaders," is a refusal to accept liberal democratic institutions as "the" solution to the problems of the Russian future. These institutions lacked historical roots in the Russia of 1917, the authors correctly observe, and today, if anything, are less transplantable than they were then. "The Western democracies," says Solzhenitsyn, "today are in a state of political crisis and spiritual confusion"—a fair enough comment. More importantly for Russia, "we have never been shown any realistic path of transition from our present system to a democratic republic of the Western type."

THESE sentiments, accept or reject them, are very much part of the restoration of political discourse—because they are *not* shared by all the Soviet dissidents. The philosophical disagreements, combined with deep personal respect, between Solzhenitsyn and the physicist Andrei Sakharov (more an heir to the tradition of democratic "Westernizers") are well known. They amount to civilized political dialogue, albeit between very atypical people who are part of a pitifully small number—but this is exactly what Russia has lacked since the mid-1920s.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ AUGUST BOOKS: William F. Gavin, aide to Senator James Buckley, pleads the case for white ethnics in *Street Corner Conservatives* (Arlington, $7.95). For the same publisher, *NR* contributor James K. Fitzpatrick fashions a lifeline: *How to Survive in Your Liberal School* ($7.95). . . . Dorothy Gies McGuigan's *Metternich and the Duchess* goes beyond the liaison to delve into the great Foreign Minister's diplomacy (Doubleday, $12.50). . . . *Moscow and Leningrad Observed* is an overblown guidebook by Moscow correspondent George Bortoli (Oxford, $18.50). The same house offers Paul Fussell's new look at World War I, *The Great War and Modern Memory* ($13.95).

■ FILMS: Anthony Quinn will star in *Mohammed, Messenger of God*. . . . David Janssen, John Ireland, Senta Berger, and John Saxon engage in *The Swiss Conspiracy*. . . . James Mason will film Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. . . . *Archipelago on Fire* is a Jules Verne tale that will star Telly Savalas. . . . Christopher Miles is directing Roger Moore, Susannah York, Shelley Winters, and Lee J. Cobb in a comedy, *Heaven Save Us from Our Friends*. . . . Due for reissue: Herbert Wilcox' 1938 costumer on Queen Victoria, *Sixty Glorious Years*. . . . John Huston behind the camera for a Kipling-based story, *The Man Who Would Be King*, starring Michael Caine, Sean Connery, and Christopher Plummer.

Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird* gets another outing. Veteran George Cukor is at the helm, and name stars include Liz, Jane Fonda, James Coco, Will Geer, and Ava Gardner. Latter is also co-starring with Dirk Bogarde in Warner's *The Kickback*. . . . Due soon: James Mason, Aldo Ray, Robert Culp, and Telly Savalas in *Inside Out*. . . . Another *Adventures of Tom Jones*, this one with Terry-Thomas and Trevor Howard. . . . Play into film: Neil Simon's *The Sunshine Boys*, with Steve Allen, Walter Matthau, and George Burns.

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Wilfred Sheed and lots of pictures add up to a lavish book on *Muhammad Ali* (T. Y. Crowell, Sept., $20). . . . Late in the Babe Ruth sweepstakes but the one that may prove definitive is Marshall Smelser's *The Life That Ruth Built* (Quadrangle, Sept., $12.50). . . . *The Oxford Companion to World Sports and Games* is edited by John Arlott and international in scope (Oxford, Sept., $29.95). . . . *A Game of Passion* is a picture book on pro football by Bob Oates Jr. (Scribner's, Sept., $17.95). The same house has Joe Fitzgerald's book on the Boston Celtics, *That Championship Feeling* (Oct., $7.95).

What has *happened* to twentieth century Russia? The contributors are agreed that the notion of a "scientific" society, a planned, "denationalized" polity (whose roots may be found far back in history, well beyond Marx) is a dangerous one. Soviet socialism is but one of its variants—the one which turned the Russian experimental laboratory of the 1920s into the slaughterhouse of the 1930s. In the course of the "Soviet experiment," not only the Ukrainians, Armenians, and other nationalities, but the Russian nation itself was deprived of its national consciousness rooted in history and Orthodoxy. National identities are "natural," the authors argue—they cannot be replaced with a sham universalism without disaster to individual as well as group identity. Thus, the Russians, as well as the minority nationalities, must struggle to recover their own history. Religious consciousness, too, is natural and indispensable if change is to begin where it must—with the individual. That the "official" Church is compromised in its heavenly loyalties by opposed earthly ones is not new—it has been thus since Peter the Great—nor need it be important for those individuals who seek spiritual rebirth.

"What is to be done?" Action, like regeneration, must begin with the individual. Conformity in everything and belief in nothing is a common enough way of "adjusting," but is part of the sickness of Russia. Solzhenitsyn: If this is inner "freedom, what is inner slavery?" Individual, *public* acts of honesty, acts against the "lie," are the start. Don't stand, don't cheer, don't vote in the elections, since you know these are lies. Take up your burden without fear (punishment there will be, but not death as in the Stalin years). Worry not about what "they" will do to your children *if* you act, but about the society your children will live in if you *don't*. DO NOT LIE!, Solzhenitsyn pleads in large letters. Were a sufficient number to listen, "the lie" would indeed be in trouble. □

The Wild Man from Sugar Creek
By William Anderson
Louisiana State University, 268 pp., $11.95

SO GODDAM MEAN

JACK CHATFIELD

It may have been that Gene Talmadge, the most colorful and probably the most destructive personality in Georgia politics since Tom Watson, was born angry. Sardonic, tempestuous, and dissolute (he died of cirrhosis of the liver), Talmadge seems the exemplar of that familiar breed of men who enter politics because it offers them institutionalized turbulence. His childhood hero was Napoleon, and within months of becoming governor in 1932 he declared martial law and seized the state highway department.

He moved from crisis to crisis—each was of his own making—surrounded by a retinue of uniformed aides and bodyguards. When he was a young attorney, he routinely picked fistfights on the courthouse lawn. During his second term as governor, he pistol-whipped a Negro worker at his McRae farm and was momentarily frightened when the gun went off. The Negro was unhurt, but if lynchings occurred in Georgia during the Thirties and Forties it was partly because of the heated atmosphere created by Talmadge. His language was explosive and reckless. Fighting "Communism" and "race-mixing" during the governor's race against Ellis Arnall in the middle of the Second World War, he described the Rosenwald Fund (which supported Negro education) as "Jew money for niggers." When four Negro youngsters—two boys and two girls—were brutally and aimlessly murdered after the 1946 campaign, in which Talmadge had vowed to preserve the white primary, the governor-elect was asked for his reaction. "Regrettable," said Gene.

After leaving law school, Talmadge had entered a prestigious Atlanta firm. But his was a troubled soul. His father, Tom, went to a friend for help. "Bill," he said, "I've got a son just out of college, smart, a good worker, but so goddam mean, I can't do anything with him." The two men agreed that young Gene needed a change of scene. They persuaded him to settle in Ailey, a town

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that was the political fief of Tom Talmadge's crony. There Gene hung out a shingle. Eventually he bought a 2,000-acre farm in nearby McRae. But prosperity did not come to Gene Talmadge. Broke, despondent, suffering marital strain, he decided to run for state commissioner of agriculture. This was in 1924, when Gene was forty years old.

DURING THE 1924 campaign, and during every campaign that Gene Talmadge conducted for the next 22 years, rural Georgians were stirred by his magic. Gene's political rallies were part circus and part religious revival. He clowned, he roared, he exhorted, he condemned his enemies to hell. His audiences rocked and sang out with the rhythm of his words. Talmadge, of course, was a Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Georgia, a lawyer, and a man who delighted in the tempo of city life. But he came from farm stock, idolized Tom Watson, and was able to touch the unquiet souls of the white rural masses. He cast his lot with the farmer against the forces of urbanism, technology, and the welfare state. He was for white supremacy, balanced budgets, an end to bureaucracy, and the three-dollar auto tag. With deep conviction he implored the farmers to stay on the land, or to return to it if they had deserted it for the unfamiliar city. The farmers did not heed his words, but they loved him for having spoken them. For Gene gave them back their pride and their identity. Walking the dusty red Georgia roads, he would strike up a conversation with Billy Joe Jackson or Clint Craven or J. J. MacAlister. "Come see me at the mansion," he would say. "We'll sit on the front porch and piss over the rail on those city bastards."

There is a remarkable photograph in this fine biography which shows Talmadge speaking at a Fourth of July rally at the height of his career. He faces the crowd wearing a blindingly white shirt and white pants. Distinguished citizens and aides are seated on the platform behind Talmadge. In front, young men and boys lounge under the railing, and one worshiper peers up at Talmadge from beneath the table at which he stands. Gene is wearing an easy, quiet, confident smile. The eyes of thousands of gaunt, wiry farmers are fastened on him. Talmadge is rolling up his sleeves. Inches away on the table stands an oaken water bucket with a wooden ladle protruding. Some faces in the crowd are serene, others keenly expectant. It is a supreme moment, and it makes one wish beyond all else that one had been there. □

FICTION

The Tears of Autumn
By Charles McCarry
Saturday Review/Dutton, 276 pp., $7.95

DE L'AUDACE

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Success breeds imitation, and that's one of the problems with current suspense fiction, most of which mechanically copies the conventions established by Ian Fleming and John Le Carré. By imitating life rather than books, however, Charles McCarry breaks the mold, and the result is the best suspense novel of the year.

The characters, both primary and secondary, are drawn with intelligence and wit. The pace is perfect and the sense of place real and strong. The hero is intelligent and interesting, and the heroine, unlike most suspense-novel heroines, exists for more than just copulating, crying, and dying in the last chapter. And the plot is totally fascinating.

It's 1963. President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother are assassinated in a coup which many believe to have been engineered by the Kennedy Administration. Shortly after Diem's execution, John Kennedy is assassinated in Dallas.

Paul Christopher, a top American intelligence operative, theorizes that Kennedy's assassination was an act of vengeance engineered by relatives of Diem, a theory he buttresses brilliantly with facts of Oswald's life, Oriental numerology and astrology, and the obligations imposed by the intricacies of Vietnamese family life.

Christopher is ordered to stop his investigation because of what it could do to American foreign policy and to the memory of President Kennedy. But he refuses, resigns from the Agency, and pushes on with the investigation, determined to prove his theory.

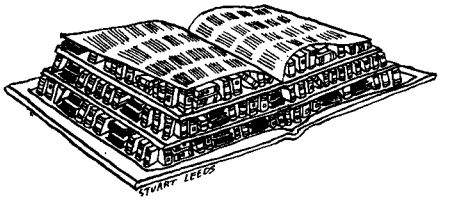
The theory is brilliantly worked out, and should cause a buzz among assassination buffs. But *The Tears of Autumn* is much more than just another assassination book. It is also a first-rate novel.

McCarry has the eye, possessed by only the best novelists, for significant detail, and his portraits of the New Frontier types are especially evocative, recapturing the people, attitudes, and manners of Camelot.

AT A PARTY in Paris, for instance, Christopher and his hostess are watching a key Kennedy aide:

> Dennis Foley, arriving with Peggy McKinney, did not have the air of a man who expected to have a good time. He nodded to Sybille and Christopher when he was introduced, but did not offer to shake hands. Foley was a bony man who had played basketball in college, and he still had the manner, self-aware and faintly contemptuous, of the athlete. He had a habit of touching his own body as he talked, running a hand over the waves of stiff black hair on the back of his head, unstrapping the large gold watch, and massaging his wrist. His eyes, pale blue with tiny irises, looked beyond the person with whom he was conversing. . . . Foley wore a two-button suit with a tin PT-109 clasp on a Sulka tie. Like President Kennedy, he drank daiquiris without sugar and smoked long, thin cigars.
>
> "Observe his gestures, listen to his voice," Sybille said. "He's turning into a JFK. All these New Frontier people are like that, have you noticed? It must be some royal virus. . . . Poor Peggy McKinney—see how she's trying to get everything just right? Way over here in Paris, all she can do is read Proust and take up touch football. She plays left end in the Bois de Boulogne every Sunday."

The Tears of Autumn vividly brings back those people and their frantic be-



lief in action for action's sake, a belief that led us off on those ill-conceived, disastrous adventures of the Sixties, ad-

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ventures from which we may never recover.

As Peggy McKinney, the aspiring New Frontiersperson, puts it: "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace*—that's what the foreign policy of a great nation should be."

And it was during the Kennedy-Johnson period. That's why Christopher's theory is plausible. And perhaps it's also why we no longer have a foreign policy. □

Mirror Mirror
By Harriet Waugh
Little, Brown, 250 pp., $7.95

FLAWED MIRROR

SUSAN S. McDONALD

When satire slackens or dulls, what is generally left is too much hyperbole for a first-rate novel and too few laughs for happy, vivid comedy. Readers who peer into Harriet Waugh's *Mirror Mirror* will see just that sort of quirky and uneven middle ground. There is some horror here but not much hilarity, and the result is an interesting but essentially lusterless black comedy.

Miss Waugh's hero, villain, and victim is a young man named Godfrey (after God) Pettlement—an aborted "fetus thing" who survives his untimely birth to become a grotesquely ugly young man, shunned and despised as the devil by all who see him. An early agent of his lifelong humiliation is a smug but ineffectual neighbor, Bridget Settling, born on the same day and told by her mother (Godfrey's reluctant godmother) that Godfrey "spoiled her christening." Godfrey's Medusa-face is never described, but it is apparently horrific enough to convince everyone of his iniquity on sight. The only way he can pass an Oxford interview is to arrive swathed in bandages. Their removal ultimately drives his roommate mad.

When the unwelcome sight of Godfrey causes his drunken father to topple over the banister one day, Godfrey is charged with murder on the strength of his face alone. What does the mute but innocent Godfrey think about all this? Behind that wretched face are 20-odd years and 150 pages of emotional vacuum. Godfrey endures his living hell with turnip-like passivity, merely scratching to survive in a world that won't permit him to earn a living. (Even producers of horror films reject him because his naturally awful face leaves no room for cosmetic creativity.)

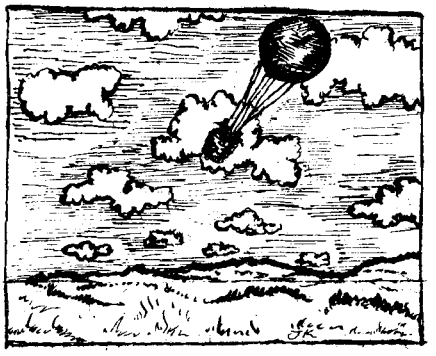
Godfrey is befriended by a schizophrenic Oxford classmate named Michael, whose living body has given up the ghost, so to speak; his only activity is collecting live-in freaks. A shell more empty of ego than the degraded Godfrey, Michael is the only person in the world who is neither threatened nor revolted by the human possibilities reflected in Godfrey's appearance. Eventually, he starves himself to death out of sheer apathy (which, at its extreme, is a kind of suicidal passion), leaving his grisly housemates to divide the wealth. Godfrey uses his share to buy himself a new and exceedingly beautiful face, and quickly becomes a mesmeric evangelist under the name Chichester. This formerly silent repository of the world's malice and intolerance proceeds to release a lifetime's stockpile, taking revenge on the society which shunned him by triggering its self-destructive impulses. Godfrey is a figment of the world's hypocrisy—a victim and ultimately a perpetrator of its confusion between appearance and reality, virtue and vice. He has been metamorphosed from a natural but benign "monster" to a clonal beauty, suddenly dangerous because of the hypnotic power his face has over others.

One of his victims, and ultimately the instrument of his downfall, is Bridget, a particularly promising candidate for anyone's manipulation because of her intellectual dependence and her desperate need to prove she is capable of loving. Strung along and bullied for years by her sham-revolutionary lover, she is a mere vehicle for other people's motivations and ideologies: a bumper car set in final, frenzied motion by Godfrey to destroy them all.

Most of the other characters in this community of Oxford seconds resemble Bridget. They are danglers without moment, poseurs, bourgeois zombies lacking purpose and emotional vitality. They may doff and don an assortment of decorative "isms," but they are really galvanized only by a fear and abhorrence of their own vacuity. Their contempt for the ugly Godfrey and their contempt for themselves are isotopes of the same human element.

The only character who seems capable of achieving some stability, and at least a stolid, procreational contentment, is Bridget's roommate, Veronica, a practicing Catholic without much intellectual curiosity or spiritual intensity. She uses her religion as an antidote to the ideological contagions of her friends, and as an alternative to decision-making and improvisation in her daily life. This sort of discipline without fervor may be spiritless and dull, Miss Waugh implies, but it is safer than the passions of people like Bridget, whose own lack of love and values drives them mad.

Miss Waugh jabs here at hypocrisy



in many of its personal and ideological guises, but she is particularly drawn to the themes of her father, Evelyn: loss of purpose, and spiritual and emotional bankruptcy, in contemporary English life. *Mirror Mirror* has its mild successes—it is, for example, a fresh refurbishing of some old symbolic material—but Miss Waugh's satire doesn't work as well as it should. She is an intelligent writer, but she lacks enough delicacy of style to distract from the seams and contrivances of the story, and her occasionally awkward narration lurches forward when she feels she must get us somewhere fast.

The book ultimately stands or falls on the strength and piquancy of its comic effects, and Miss Waugh's stiff humor provides unreliable footing. People with an interest in the Waugh literary tradition will find *Mirror Mirror* worth reading, but it is still a rather dull reflection of its own possibilities. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

HIT & RUN—THE RISE—AND FALL?—OF RALPH NADER, *by Ralph de Toledano (Arlington, 160 pp., $7.95).* The Raider routine applied neatly to Nader himself provides an easy and gratifying hatchet-job in the familiar Toledano style. The neo-Puritan zealot with his media-hyped image as selflessness incarnate here comes in for a withering examination; what's left is a sorry mess. Toledano shows how the divine Ralph Nader fudges facts, discards contradictory evidence, fabricates statistics, gets his jollies by bringing low the mighty whatever their virtues, and brooks absolutely no nay-saying from his underpaid, overworked subordinates. Toledano demonstrates quickly and convincingly that even the most celebrated of the Nader Raids—the GM, Volkswagen, Du Pont studies—were shoddy in scholarship, so wildly off the mark as to be virtually worthless, and motivated less by just cause than by fanaticism. The Ribicoff Committee, for instance, absolutely eviscerated Nader's machete job on the Corvair, the big splash report that established him as a hero to millions of gullible students and others. As usual, Toledano hits even mosquitos with an elephant gun, but, again as usual, he is a skilled researcher and the object of his antagonism evidently deserves it fully. Despite Toledano's optimistic conclusion, Nader still rides high, but *Hit & Run* (if the liberals read it) should help to bring him down. DAVID BRUDNOY

CITY NOTEBOOK: *A Reporter's Portrait of a Vanishing New York, by McCandlish Phillips (Liveright, 332 pp., $10.50).* A decade's worth of McCandlish Phillips' feature articles for the *New York Times* have been collected here. They have evidently been reprinted pretty much as written, with all the slovenly organization and clichés passing for metaphors that are likely to creep into daily journalism, where deadlines are in terms of hours rather than days. Nor is the collection as focused as the title suggests: a Wisconsin-cheese tasting or the New York variant on the Newport Jazz Festival is not what "a Vanishing New York" conjures up for me. However, most of the genuine vanishing New York articles—about beautiful buildings being restored, elderly New Yorkers barely subsisting in hotels on the West Side, a wistaria cut down in Central Park—are moving or piquant or amusing. The section I liked best is "Book Row," an extended series of articles about the disappearing used-book stores in Lower Manhattan. *City Notebook* is not a book to read straight through, but it's excellent to browse in and to keep for your grandchildren. LINDA BRIDGES

NOTHING TO REPORT, *by Robert McLaughlin and Phil Foran (Little, Brown, 290 pp., $7.95).* A fine, tough first novel by two New York career cops, both of whom made captain. (Foran is still on the force; McLaughlin retired in 1970 with 15 citations.) The plot is ingeniously worked out, involving some of the most detestable villains in recent crime fiction—Tony Porkchops and Sally Balls, drug dealers; Beanhead Carbon, a black hood who mau-maus his way onto the city payroll, as they used to do during the Lindsay days, ostensibly to keep the slums cool; Fred Freid, an advisor to the mayor embodying all the worst traits of those arrogant young prototypic Watergaters who served Lindsay as he brought the city to its knees; and Francis Hall, a church sexton, male prostitute, and sadistic homosexual murderer. The writing is rough in places, the caricatures sometimes overdone. But the novel moves, and the inside look it gives us at the workings of the New York City Police Department and the offices of the mayor and the commissioner is fascinating. John Lindsay is never mentioned here, of course. But if you want to know what it's like to be a career officer under a city administration that sets out to politicize the police force, this is your novel. JOHN R. COYNE JR.

HOWARD PYLE: *Writer, Illustrator, Founder of the Brandywine School, by Henry C. Pitz (Potter, 248 pp., $25).* The middle-aged and over who remember devouring Howard Pyle's wonderful books—*Robin Hood*, *King Arthur*, and *Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates* were my favorites—when they were children will feel a pleasurable twinge of nostalgia at this lavishly illustrated biography of the writer-illustrator, and will enjoy leafing through it. Reading it, however, may disappoint all but those who are especially interested in American book illustration. Pyle's life was uneventful, the exact opposite of the adventurous existence led by his derring-do heroes. He was born in Wilmington, Delaware in 1853 and except for a brief stay in New York in the 1870s, when he studied at the Art Students League and met the editors of *Harper's* and *Scribner's Weeklies*, then avid for illustrators, he spent nearly all his life there and in the neighboring Pennsylvania countryside along the Brandywine River. Though he pored over reproductions of the great European works of art, he was afraid, as he wrote his friend Edwin Austin Abbey (then painting in England), to go abroad "to see those things which seem so beautiful and dreamlike in my imagination and which, if I saw, might break the bubble of fancy and leave nothing but bitter soapsuds." Only in 1910 did he finally pluck up his courage to spend a year in Italy, but by then he had contracted Bright's disease, and he died after a few months. As a teacher and founder of a whole school of illustrators, Pyle has a certain importance in the history of American art; among his many pupils were Maxfield Parrish and N. C. Wyeth, father of Andrew. His own work, both as painter and illustrator, was eclectic in the extreme: he borrowed unashamedly from everyone, beginning with Dürer and Holbein and ending with the Pre-Raphaelites, Adolph Menzel, Arnold Böcklin, and Gustave Moreau. That he used his multiple sources to create images which have enthralled countless thousands of children and parents entitles him to a sure, albeit minor, place in American art annals. RUTH BERENSON

NO LOAVES, NO PARABLES: *Liberal Politics and the American Language, by Clifford Adelman (Harper's, 278 pp., $7.95).* A perceptive analysis of why the kiddies' candidates have yet to make it to the White House. Mr. Adelman believes "progressive populism" is the best hope for America, but he finds most of the progressive populist candidates flawed by their inability to communicate that hope. To win, he says, they must "break from the sterility and weakness of the language they have been using, and learn both how to perceive their neighbors and how to appear to care—since they so thoroughly do care." McCarthy in '68 and McGovern in '72 were fluent in elitist jargon, speaking endlessly about The People—without ever learning how to speak to them. Their lofty generalities dazzled their own clique but alienated those outside it; city dwellers who are afraid to go out at night were unmoved by McGovern's campaign promises to get at the "root causes" of crime. Of all the newlib presidential candidates, Mr. Adelman says Bobby Kennedy was the only one who used the concrete language which strikes a responsive chord in American voters. As for his own style, Mr. Adelman is longwinded and occasionally goes beyond the concrete to the stomach-turning; in one metaphor which I have been unable to forget he talks about "prick[ing] that bladder of phlegm." Such delights aside, this is a shrewd book. KEVIN LYNCH

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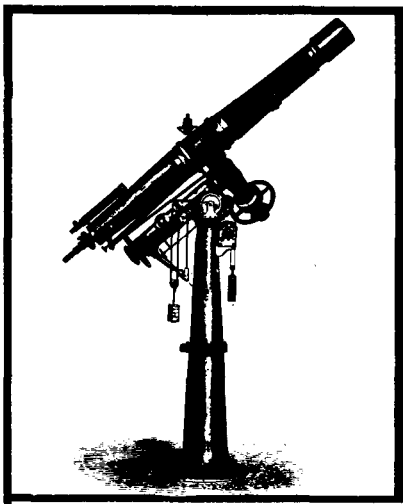

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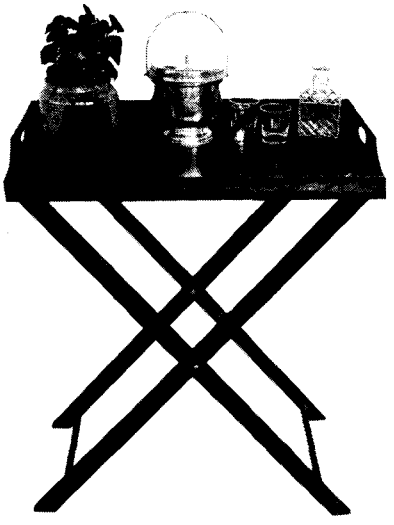

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KILPATRICK
(Continued from page 774)

Mr. Harrington speaks English incoherently. He replied: "In a strange way it is sort of a yes and a no, and this maybe is where we will ultimately go because it will be useful to me to learn from your own assessment, but if I had been convinced, Mr. Wilson, that either lives were going to be endangered—and this is going to be very subjective and I am not attempting to do any more than say I am setting myself up as the judge of this offering to you that way—or that the national security of this country would be affected or any of the other, at least legitimate in my opinion, bases for this inane system called classification that almost becomes an end in itself, I think that what I have demonstrated in my relationship with the committee and the often-heard lectures from the chairman during the 92nd Congress that I was exposed to, that I would not have in any way done other than follow the rules."

Mr. Harrington went on to say flatly that "I didn't feel any compunction at all at that point in time about those rules." His sole purpose, willy-nilly, and never mind his word of honor, was to break the Colby story. He spilled the beans to Mr. Stern at the *Post*, but "Stern did nothing with it." He understood that he was acting "without regard to the rules of the House."

Leslie Arends interrupted to ask if this troubled Mr. Harrington's conscience. Did the fact that he had signed the statement bother him at all? Mr. Harrington said what really twinged him was that others had knowledge of the Colby testimony and chose to bottle it up. The fact that he had signed a pledge not to divulge the information "bothered me to a degree but not to the point of being deterred."

Said Congressman Bob Wilson: "Benedict Arnold could use the same argument."

Mr. Harrington said that he didn't know that he would like the categorization.

Chairman Nedzi subsequently persisted: Wasn't Mr. Harrington troubled by taking it upon himself to determine whether a rule should be followed or not? Should every Member of the House be entitled to make the same determinations? Mr. Harrington said that was "something we could quarrel over forever." For his own part, he was most annoyed "by what I consider to be vacillation on my part in not hav-

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ing to face it head on." He would be more comfortable, he said, "in taking it to the floor of the House and letting you guys do what you want."

As it turned out, "you guys" did not want to do anything. Mr. Harrington's appearance before the Special Subcommittee on Intelligence was on September 25, 1974. The subcommittee took no action. The House had been through all the trauma it could take with the Nixon impeachment hearings. Adjournment was close at hand. And besides, says Chairman Nedzi lamely, "we didn't want to make a martyr out of Harrington."

There the matter languished. Mr. Harrington was re-elected in November and seated in January. No motion was heard to pursue his breach of honor. The affair might have remained buried in the subcommittee files if Mr. Harrington himself had not revived the question of his further access to Top Secret material. The full Armed Services Committee in June voted 16 to 13 to deny him such access. In the course of these proceedings, the Subcommittee on Intelligence released its transcript of the September 25 hearing.

This was the first that most members of the House had known of the Harrington affair. Congressman Robin Beard, a Tennessee Republican, promptly demanded that the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct review the case. "If action of this kind is not deterred in the future," said Mr. Beard, "grave implications to both the Congress and the national security will result." If the ethics committee fails to act, Mr. Beard will go to the floor.

My own dreary guess is that the lawyers will take command. A kind of statute of limitations will be invoked, by which the 94th Congress is prevented from punishing misconduct committed in the 93rd Congress. Honor will yield to estoppel. Mr. Beard's indictment will be stamped: NOLLE PROS.

It will be a pity if things turn out this way. The House has not expelled a Member since it expelled three Confederates in 1861, but if ever cause existed for expulsion, it exists in this affair of honor. The House should turn upon Mr. Harrington with the fury of Cromwell's address to the Rump Parliament: "You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you! In the name of God, go!" But don't hold your breath till that happens. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[MRS. KEMPER] CAMPBELL:
Words to the Unwise.

I attended a wedding . . . an old-fashioned service. . . . The groom said solemnly, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." I looked about for a man from the Internal Revenue Service; surely the groom should pay a gift tax. Here is a source of revenue which has been overlooked by the government.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 751)

not to mention the hundreds of thousands of other Jews saved by the Church's relief and rescue operations.

New York, N.Y. ANDREW J. MCCAULEY

I do not dispute Mr. Peter Wells's defense of Pope Pius XII in regard to the persecuted Jews of Hitler's Europe. The very contrary. But why vitiate it from the outset by writing: "President Roosevelt could never have won Catholic support for his declaration of war against Germany if Catholics had not already seen Hitler as a moral monster"?

In fact President Roosevelt did not declare war on Hitler. Hitler declared war on him and neither the Catholics nor the Jews had anything whatever to do with it.

London GEORGE EDINGER

The Alaskan SSR

The conversations with Chinese artists of song and dance described by Christopher Buckley in "Mood in a Socialist Country" [June 6] brings to mind an experience I had while traveling in the USSR with several students from Georgetown University in the early Sixties. The group was visiting the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad and viewing its marvelous collection of artworks from the days of the Czars. The guide was a young man who taught at one of Leningrad's institutions of learning.

One exhibit was a large map of the world, covering most of the side wall of one of the rooms. The map was made entirely of inlaid stone, a beautiful work of art. The various countries were shown in stones of different colors. Their geographical boundaries indicated that the map was very old.

The guide proudly pointed out that Alaska was shown as a part of Siberia. He then gave us a bit of Russian history by saying that Czarina Catherine the Great made a great mistake when she leased Alaska to the United States in 1769 for a term of two hundred years. However, the lease would terminate in 1969 and Alaska would then revert back to the USSR.

As we passed on down the hall, I caught up with the guide and said, "Did you know that there was no United States of America in 1769?"

He replied, "There wasn't any Soviet Union then either."

I felt no need further to discuss the matter.

Washington, D.C. JOHN I. HINCKE

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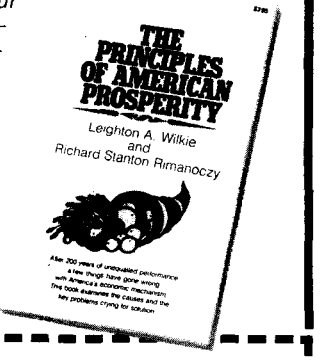

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Spotlight on the Azores

On The Right

São Miguel, Azores, June 20—You arrive here after three weeks on the ocean during which you hold your portable short-wave radio in your hand, tilting it this way and that, anxious to hear not whether England has voted in favor of the Common Market, or whether New York City has been turned over to a collection agency, or whether the Senate Committee has discovered it was the CIA that put a price on Jesse James's head. You are trying to hear only a single thing: a beep out of Washington that tells you exactly what time it is. Because for every four seconds that your watch is off, your navigation will be off by one full mile. And since the island of São Miguel is silver-thin and is regularly surrounded by clouds, it requires only that your ship's watch be off a half-minute or so to permit you to glide right by the damned thing, hurtling toward the Iberian Peninsula.

BUT ONCE HERE, you rush to the American Consulate and start reading greedily everything in sight. Everything in sight is two copies of last week's Paris *Tribune*, one *Time* magazine, no *New York Times*, no *Washington Post*, no real sense of any crucial involvement in the chancelleries of the world that can't be coped with by our army base, one Azorean island down the way, where we keep all kinds of things useful in any international emergency. The big news in Ponta Delgada, the biggest city in the Azores, on an island that has half the Azores' population, which is approximately equal to that of the Bahamas, is the demonstration of June 6. These are a docile people, and demonstrations happen very infrequently. This one had as its base discriminatory economic legislation from the mainland. Although fertilizer is more expensive here than in Portugal, nevertheless Lisbon was telling the dairy farmers here to charge less money for milk. In less time than it would take you to walk down the length of Salazar Quay (great nomenclature reform has not yet set in under the new regime), crowds had paralyzed traffic and had seized the radio station. Having seized the station, they didn't quite know what to transmit on it, so they settled for some traditional Azorean music, plus one exuberant call to inter-island solidarity.

Lisbon reacted with considerable speed, and economic "reforms" were promulgated. These include a demand that Portugal promote the Azores in the tourist world. Much on this end needs to be done, it being virtually as difficult to find out anything about tourist conditions in the Azores, as it is to locate them—a great pity, because they are diverse and magnificent. The Azores are very valuable to Lisbon not because Lisbon has any positive use for them, but because the United States has a great need for them for so long as the United States is pledged to help its NATO partners and other allies in Europe.

Lisbon knows, moreover, that there are no ideological discontents of any consequence on the Azores, and that if they moved Lenin's stiff over here for a cultural exchange visit, it probably couldn't scare up more than a few dozen pilgrims—a fisherman or two—and no college students. Because (can you believe it!) there isn't a college in the Azores. If you want higher education, you go to Lisbon for it. Here there are just the islands, primitive but hardly comatose; stable, uninterested in adventurism; as Portuguese as the mainlanders, but undisposed to play kamikaze with Lisbon ideologues. After this first test, they have shown that they command the shrewd respect of Lisbon. But on the general point, more tomorrow. Meanwhile, anyone who has the exact time, please give it to WWV in Washington and ask them to emit a little more juice. □

INDEPENDENCE FOR THE AZORES?

Ponta Delgada, Azores, June 23—General Altino Pinto de Matalhães is the military governor of the Azores. A man of stern, sometimes even prim professionalism. One imagines that he has something of the military magnetism of Spínola, and prays that he has more than Spínola's political acumen: on the other hand, surely Alf Landon had better than that. Now the General, whose English is basic approaching nonfunctional, will speak to you in French, a language of great nuance which, however, the General does not traffic in. Beyond making it very clear that the people of the Azores do not desire Sovietization, he will say only such things as that he is confident they will not be tyrannized over by the mainland. What if Lisbon actually attempted to do this to the Azores? Was secession then a "*vive alternative*"? Well, yes. Yes.

IRONICALLY, the very same General single-handedly doused the separatist explosion of June 6. Although he is not a native of the island—he is from Lisbon, did the routine military things as a young man, and served as commander of the Portuguese military in Angola—in the brief period he has been here he has become something of a legend. A deeply popular man, totally trusted by the people. It is said by taxi drivers (the General would deny it) that had General Pinto but given the word, he'd have been crowned President of the Independent Republic of the Azores. He gave no such word. This does not mean someone, at a moment in the future, wouldn't do so under certain circumstances. The mainland is 12 per cent Communist. The Azores something less than 2 per cent. It is the patriotic thing to resist domination of the 98 per cent by the 2 per cent.

What, I asked him, did he make of the central government in Lisbon taking over *República*, the Socialists' daily, and handing it over to the Communists? Well, the General explained, it's this way. You see, the technicians who put out the paper are Communists, while the proprietors are Socialists. Since Portugal does not have a tradition of freedom, within which one entity respects the rights of another entity, it now has to feel its way. If the government simply cracked down on the Communist printers and linotypists, that would be to throw the weight of government against the rights of one entity,

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in favor of the rights of another entity.

I forgave the General that baloney, and reflected that the General—and, indeed, diplomats—have to do strange things in order to justify the activities of their principals. It is remarkable that General Pinto, who so clearly knows that you don't reconcile conflicting interests by turning over somebody else's paper to the scrivener-sycophants of the tyrants, can bring himself to say these things. But then the alternative is to say nothing at all. And that alternative would require him to refuse an invitation to a cocktail party by our Consul in the Azores, the alluring Miss Linda Pfeifle, and no red-blooded General, or gentleman, would do that under any circumstances.

It gets darker every day in Lisbon, and the day may come when the people of the Azores gather once again—this time to declare their independence. Will the American navy protect them? I report with great sadness that the residents here have white skin. Otherwise, the matter of their independence would be easy: a postcard to Kurt Waldheim at the United Nations would suffice. But they are as thoroughly Portuguese as anybody on the mainland, though it is true that they had twenty years of autonomy a couple of generations ago. Here is an operation we would hardly need the CIA to advance: God knows there are enough documents signed in blood by the statesmen of the world guaranteeing freedom to geographical entities that desire sovereignty. One would need only to frame the language of secession in anti-colonialist rhetoric: the rest is child's play. □

LEST WE FORGET

Ponta Delgada, Azores, June 25—There is a priceless institution in America called John Lofton. He is a youngish man who used to edit the Republican Party's official newsletter *Monday*, wherein he took licentious pleasure in reproducing statements by prominent American liberals exactly contradicting their present positions. He is now a syndicated columnist, and not since the days of Westbrook Pegler has anyone felt as free—indeed, as duty-bound—to telephone public figures to ask them, so to speak face-to-face, just exactly what did they mean by saying so-and-so.

Take, for instance, the lovely Shana Alexander, a cultural delight who used to write a column for *Newsweek*. When there is a liberal zephyr in the air, Shana will rustle. And sure enough, just a few weeks ago she found herself saying, apropos of her disapproval of the South Vietnamese refugee problem, "if we know one thing about the government founded by Ho Chi Minh, it is that his social services are excellent: good health care, day care, and educational programs abound, especially for the poor."

Now you and I and three and one-half million people who read *Newsweek* would pass over that asseveration without applying our automatic brakes. Not Lofton. Moreover, he proceeds to put in a call to Shana Alexander. He doesn't know her, but that doesn't matter—Miss Alexander, a professional journalist, has put in heaps of calls to people she doesn't know. Journalists understand that they have responsibilities to fellow journalists.

How, Lofton asked over the telephone, does Miss Alexander *know* this about North Vietnam? Well, she said snippily, she was "busy typing" just then, and didn't care to discuss "this thing"; Lofton should call her research assistant. So he did. She genially confessed she didn't know exactly where Miss Alexander had got her facts. So he called others: the International Red Cross, the UN's World Health Organization, the State Department. None of them had the foggiest. So he called Vietnam expert Douglas Pike, who called Miss Alexander's assertion "absurd, really," and added that with a per capita income of $85 per year North Vietnam could hardly afford special services for anyone, as North Vietnamese documents themselves admit.

A few days later, Lofton found himself on television facing Sander Vanocur and Gloria Emerson, who were crowing over the North Vietnamese victory. I find it almost unfair to quote Miss Emerson, since on the subject of Vietnam she is, quite simply, unbalanced: but after all, she did feed it out, day after day, in the columns of the *New York Times* for three and a half years, where she ran the longest serialized atrocity story in American history. Here (it wasn't hard) Lofton *forced* Miss Emerson to fly her banner. She was "very glad" the North Vietnamese won. She thought the North Vietnamese would, to be sure, run "a very austere, well-ordered, regimented society which in the long run will profit a vast majority of the Vietnamese." (That's the kind of society Adolf Hitler ran.) John Lofton demurred, and the lady replied with an expletive deleted. Finally Lofton gave the lady one more absolutely straightforward chance:

JL: "What did the North Vietnamese ever do in the war in Indochina that you disapprove of? Anything they ever did. *Anything*. Say *anything* bad about them. Did they do *anything* bad *anywhere*?"

GE: "In the south?"

JL: "Anywhere in Indochina. Have the Communists done *anything* bad?"

GE: "Yes they have done things that I don't approve of."

JL: "What? What? Name one [thing]."

GE: "I'm sorry that they put American prisoners of war under enormous duress. But I'm also sorry about the way the Americans treated the South Vietnamese . . ."

It is a complicated formulation, but there is no simpler way to put it: critics of the critics of the war in Vietnam have been profoundly right all those years they claimed that, in their hearts, the leaders of the antiwar movement were pro-North Vietnamese. John Lofton has done a fine job of teasing this admission out of one of their spokesmen. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A collection of O. Henry's stories — 206 134 15 44 180 188 226 12 27 118

B. The distance from the origin to a point where a graph crosses a coordinate axis — 78 96 174 19 32 63 145 227 203

C. One of O. Henry's stories (fol.. *The*) — 86 34 22 77 204 6 176 52

D. Produced in abundance — 104 48 177 146 191 158

E. Something that excites — 113 35 49 207 23 109 120 80

F. Mythical Latin American country—scene of O. Henry's only long story — 135 230 115 144 210 197 51 25

G. What the three little kittens lost — 7 53 121 220 139 47 20

H. Men of learning — 82 46 120 159 68 223 166

I. A boat for a football player — 58 136 85 143

J. A choice collection of O. Henry's stories — 97 186 3 224 150 106 137

K. A collection of O. Henry's stories — 147 8 212 36 79 87 196 209 216 219 / 92 40 1 127

L. A collection of O. Henry's stories — 156 125 132 30 43 62 100 83 90 116 / 123 81 173 185

M. To expel moisture from — 161 9 69 193 228 59 101 151 181

N. A worker on a large Western farm — 175 141 13 54 28 194 162 225 70

O. Enjoy — 5 168 18 26 41 66

P. Vehicles pulled by certain bovines — 190 133 112 170 153 29 142

Q. TRY NET UP — 200 130 72 182 165 231 65 195

R. Adjacent to — 208 198 108 124

S. Amuse — 169 55 160 126 114 99

T. A collection of O. Henry's stories (fol. *The*) — 213 16 184 37 42 107 140 179 21 75 / 152

U. A collection of O. Henry's stories — 215 94 221 24 64 74 148 163 187 201 / 98 103 88 111

V. Rules for manners and conduct — 45 138 154 199 4 10 164 214 178

W. An O. Henry story about a newspaper correspondent — 110 38 57 171 192 33 2 205 11 14 / 149 61 117

X. To take a firm stand about — 122 155 183 229 172 167

Y. Where people take cheap skates — 222 105 202 131 157

Z. A town in WORD F — 17 31 218 76 189 129 60

a. A Rabbit fur — 73 56 211 217 91

b. HASTEN SUIT — 84 39 50 93 119 128 71 67 95 89

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 790 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 K	2 W	3 J	4 V	5 O	6 C		7 G	8 K	9 M	10 V	11 W		12 A	13 N		14 W
15 A	16 T	17 Z	18 O	19 B	20 G		21 T		22 C	23 E	24 U	25 F	26 O	27 A	28 N	29 P	30 L	31 Z	32 B
33 W	34 C	35 E	36 K		37 T	38 W	39 b		40 K	41 O		42 T	43 L	44 A	45 V		46 H	47 G	
48 D	49 E	50 b	51 F	52 C	53 G	54 N	55 S	56 a	57 W		58 I	59 M	60 Z	61 W	62 L	63 B	64 U		65 Q
66 O	67 b	68 H		69 M		70 N	71 b	72 Q	73 a	74 U	75 T	76 Z	77 C	78 B	79 K	80 E		81 L	82 H
	83 L	84 b	85 I		86 C	87 K	88 U	89 b		90 L	91 a		92 K	93 b	94 U		95 b	96 B	97 J
98 U		99 S	100L	101M	102H	103U	104D		105Y	106J		107T	108R	109E	110W	111U		112P	113E
114S	115F	116L	117W	118A		119b	120E	121G	122X	123L		124R	125L	126S	127K		128b	129Z	130Q
131Y		132L	133P	134A	135F	136I	137J	138V	139G	140T		141N	142P		143I	144F	145B	146D	147K
	148U	149W	150J	151M	152T	153P	154V	155X	156L	157Y		158D	159H	160S	161M		162N	163U	164V
165Q	166H	167X	168O	169S		170P	171W	172X	173L		174B	175N	176C	177D	178V	179T	180A	181M	182Q
183X		184T	185L		186J	187U	188A	189Z	190P	191D	192W	193M	194N	195Q		196K	197F	198R	199V
200Q	201U	202Y	203B	204C	205W		206A	207E	208R	209K		210F	211a		212K	213T		214V	215U
216K	217a	218Z		219K	220G	221U	222Y	223H	224J	225N	226A	227B	228M	229X	230F	231Q			

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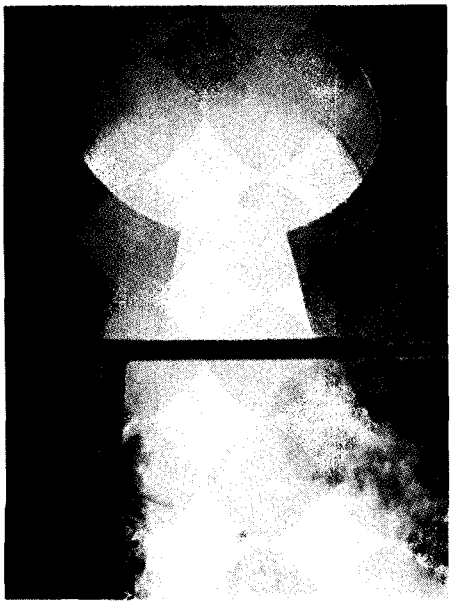

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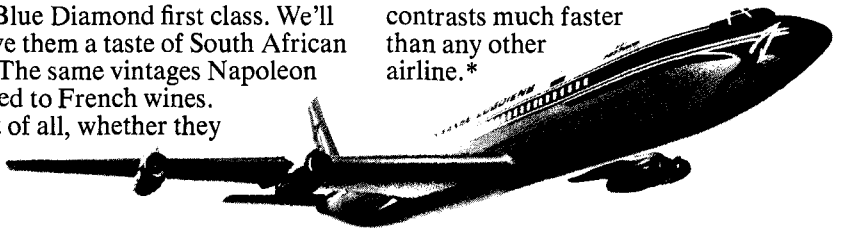

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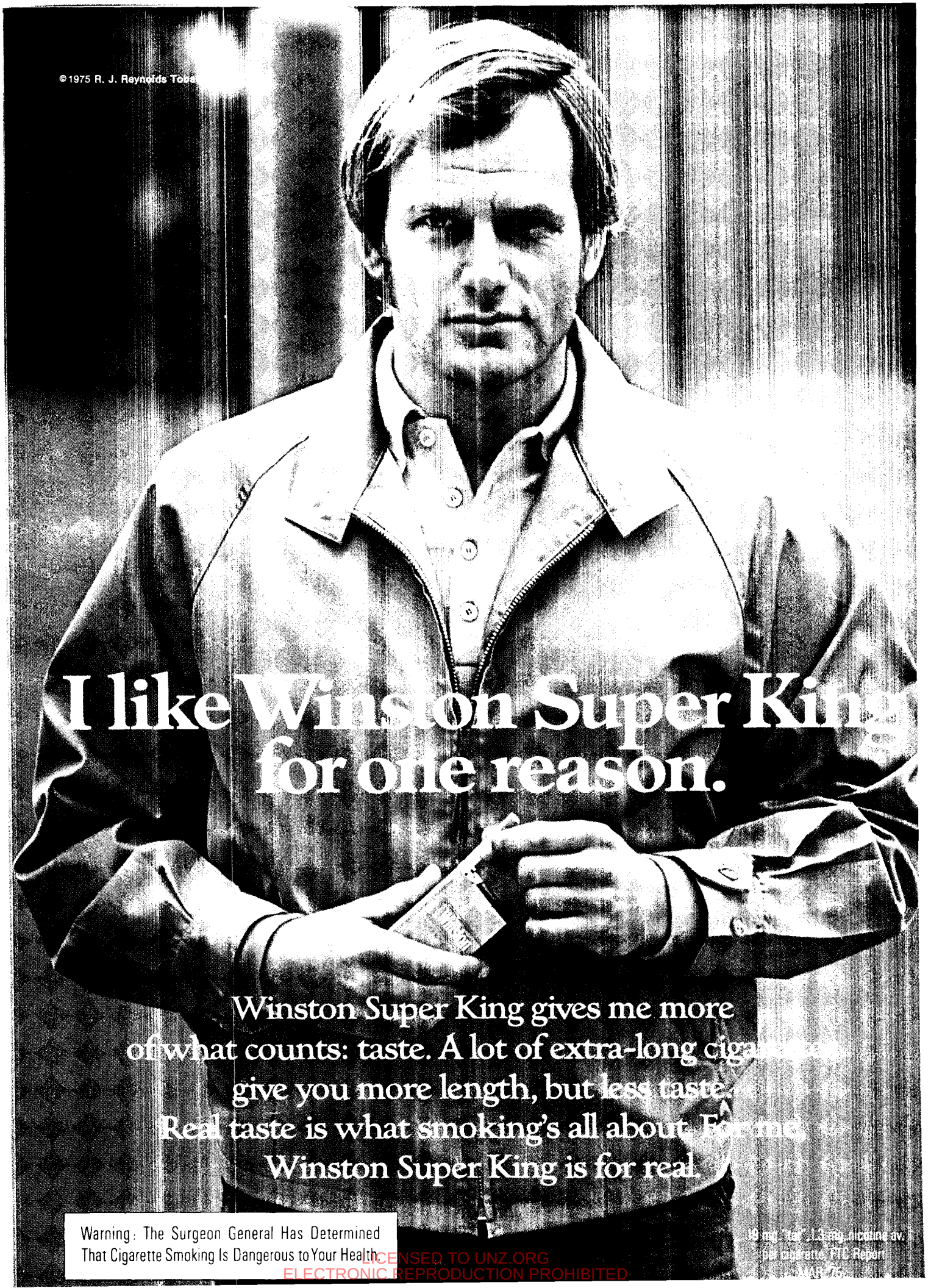
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